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Old Tucson

Outlaws in the Movies

COWBOYS —
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THE EARLY WEST

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June, 1983
Vol. 30, No. 6
Whole No. 189

TRUE WEST

JOE AUSTELL SMALL, Publisher P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764

Editoral/Advertising/Circulation Office:
700 East State St., Iola, Wisconsin 54990 Phone: AC 715/445-2214

Staff

JIM DULLENTY
Editor

MARY HAEFNER
Editorial Assistant

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Advertising Manager

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HARRY BECKER
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TRUE WEST (ISSN 0041-3615) is published monthly by Western Publications, 700 East State St., Iola, Wisconsin 54990. $1.50 per copy; U.S. subscription rate $11.00 per year; $19.00 for two years; other countries including Canada and Mexico, plase add $5.00 per year to U.S. rate to cover the extra handling and postage required. Please provide payment in the form of a U.S. funds check drawn on a U.S., Canadian or Mexican bank; personal checks, bank money orders or cashier's checks drawn on foreign banks are not acceptable, whether payable in U.S. funds or the national currency, unless the total payment provided is sufficient to cover all bank clearing and foreign exchange charges. Second class postage paid at Iola, WI 54945 and at additional mailing offices.

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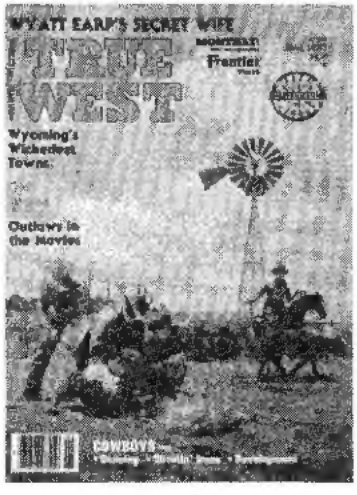

OUR COVER

This painting, entitled "Blood, Sweat, and Burning Hair," by Bill Owen of Dewey, Arizona, was chosen for our special cowboy issue. Owen's work is getting increasing national attention. The painting was supplied courtesy of Western American Prints of Chandler, Arizona. The firm specializes in limited edition western art prints.

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From The Editor

My grandfather on my mother's side came to Montana in the 1890s and for 20 years was a cowboy on the ranges between Choteau and Cut Bank. But like most cowboys who had the gumption and the self-discipline, he saved his money and became a rancher himself as soon as he could.

Cowboying was cold, lonely hard work and those who were doing it at the time didn't think about the romance it would hold for later generations. Still, I got the impression from my grandad, who was a stoic New Englander who never said much, that he enjoyed being a cowboy.

From their memoirs, it is evident that men like Charley Russell, Teddy Blue, the Coburn brothers and the others looked back on their cowboy days with a great deal of fondness and nostalgia. This was their "golden age," and cowboys who wrote, like Russell, often repeated that things would never be as good again.

One of the best accounts of the cowboy is Vincent Fortune's story, "The Oldtime Cowpuncher," in the March 1916 issue of Outing magazine. Fortune, himself an old cowboy, had this to say:

"Surely in the Hall of Memories of the great outdoor Northwest a niche is reserved for the Oldtime Puncher, but among the tales told of him in story and play, I catch scarce more than a glimpse of the chum whose blankets and grub I shared; whose joys were mine; whose sorrows saddened me; whose work and play were my daily life.

Courtesy Bob Taylor Photography

A modern cowboy at work.

"And why? The answer would appear to be, that the early impression engendered by the 'dime-novel' has never been entirely effaced, and the puncher is almost ever pictured as carrying a big gun and an uncontrollable desire to fill somebody full of lead.

"During twenty years of active cowpuncher life in Montana, whither came riders from every section of the North American continent, I saw but three gunfights in which the cowboys participated. Two of these were between punchers and gamblers who had tried to 'do' them, and the other between rival outfits, the outcome of senseless bantering and too much booze.

"Had the promiscuous shooting indulged in by story writers and movie actors actually taken place in that sparsely settled region, survivors of the period would now be more scarce than Aztecs."

A good recent examination of the cowboy is John Graves' introduction in the book *Cowboy Life on the Texas Plains* (Texas A & M University Press, 1982). Graves says one of the problems with writing about cowboys is "that an astounding lot has already been said about them, both by old cowboys themselves in reminiscences written or dictated late in life and by observers of whom quite a few have been thoughtful persons with a good knowledge of the subject."

Aware of this, we're still going to try to say something about cowboys in this issue. The center piece is a photo layout showing the development of the cowboy from the earliest days, right after the Civil War, to the present. If nothing else it shows that cowboys look just about the same today as they did 100 years ago.

Like most old westerners, cowboys had to make do with what they had at hand and as Risa Brown shows in her article on cowboy dancing, that often meant all they had was each other.

Konrad Schreier knows cowboys were not often involved in shoot-em-ups but they did own and use firearms as he shows in his story on "Cowboy's Shootin' Irons." Barbara Blackburn shows us how to do some of our own chuck wagon cooking.

Frank L. Lambrecht of Tucson, Arizona, provides a photographic essay of Old Tucson, an Old West "town" created for making movies. He said he found a "weird solitude" on a recent early morning visit there.

W. Stockton Twogood, from an old Montana ranch family — he did successfully relocate in Alberta — writes of E. S. Paxson, the Montana artist who was a contemporary of Charley Russell but who never became as famous. Twogood and his family are long-time collectors of western art and he writes for western art publications in Canada.

Other stories you'll enjoy include Richard Patterson's "Wickedest Towns in Wyoming" and Jim Hitt's complete account of the real outlaws who became reel outlaws — outlaws on the silver screen.

A special favor. Recently we began mailing news releases to about 600 newspapers throughout the western United States on major stories in TRUE WEST and OLD WEST. But we need your help in finding out if newspapers are using our releases. We'll give a big, colorful "I'm a TRUE WESTerner" pin to everyone who sends us a newspaper clipping based on our releases. Thanks for the help.

Cheyenne or Bust. Again, a reminder that this is our 30th anniversary year and we've got big doings planned for Saturday, Aug. 6, 7 p.m., at the Hitching Post Inn in Cheyenne, Wyoming. There'll be a book autographing party; a hosted bar for a couple of hours; food, celebrities, and a cowboy band for dancing. It will also be an opportunity for readers to meet such TRUE WEST contributors as our "answer man" Chuck Parsons; our Old West cookery specialist Barbara Blackburn and Reel Cowboys columnist Bill O'Neal, among others. We hope to see you there and see you here next month.

— Jim Dullenty

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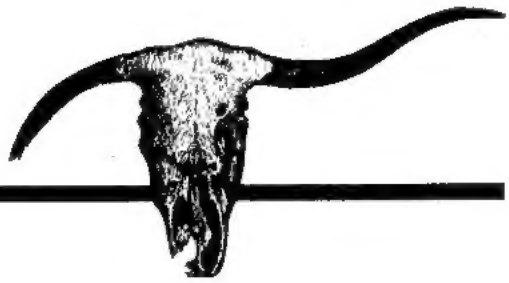
Truly Western



Insults Cause Death

I read your story, "A Yuma Tragedy," in the October issue of TRUE WEST with great interest, and I wondered how many juries would convict Constable Alexander under similar circumstances today. Very few, I think; but obviously, Alexander didn't know at first the family with which he was dealing.

I've glanced over some of the King family papers at UCLA, and I've seen the family mentioned frequently in Los Angeles newspapers of over 100 years ago. The impression I was left with is that of a vital pioneer family, clear-headed and of clear conscience and powerfully emotional and iron-clad in their loyalties. They were active in the community and in politics, but were never against putting their idea of "the spirit of the law" ahead of "the letter of the law." In doing that, they lost none of their reputations as fine, upstanding citizens, but people recognized nonetheless that they were dangerous men to cross.

Your article was wrong on one minor point. Micajah Johnson was not killed at Tehachipi Pass by Sam Houston King alone, but was shot at El Monte, by which of the three King brothers it was never really determined. This was on January 7, 1855.

Johnson had been drinking and repeatedly insulted one of the King boys at a saloon; young King wouldn't take up his challenges, saying he didn't consider himself man enough, and he left, adding that he would find someone who would. A short time later old Samuel King, Senior, and all three sons paid a visit to the Johnson house. Johnson saw them coming and didn't like the odds; he said good-bye to bystanders and tried to leave on horseback, but was shot by old Sam King and bucked off his horse.

Wounded and bleeding, Johnson ran into his house, pursued by the elder King. Johnson turned and shot King through the chest. It seems to me to be a case of self-defense.

Before Samuel King died, he told his sons to avenge him, and minutes later they did. Johnson tried to escape again, was knocked down by the King boys and beaten; he again fled into his house and barricaded the door, but the Kings battered the door down and shot Johnson four times, killing him. The Kings surrendered, made $5,000 bail each, and I believe were never indicted. Although the Kings were the physical aggressors, they had been insulted by Micajah Johnson in obscene language. Johnson also was a hard character, and the newspaper pointed out that his son-in-law was at that time in county jail under sentence of death for murder.

This wasn't the only time the Kings took the law into their own hands. The King-Carlisle gunfight at the Bella Union barroom has been described so often I'll only mention it, and say in order to counter the King version which holds that an unknown friend of Carlisle's fired the shot that killed Frank King, that the fight had many witnesses, and that none of these witnesses mentioned this.

On the contrary, Judge Benjamin Hayes, who was as objective a recorder of truth as has lived, declared, "all say he [Carlisle] 'drew' the pistol at the close, when he shot Frank."

A few months after the King-Johnson gunfight, four horse thieves were lynched by vigilantes from El Monte, who were arrested. Frank King signed a petition demanding the release of these men, calling them "some of our Best Citizens," and they were never tried. Finally, on January 29, 1857, the three King brothers were principals in a lynch murder. A Mexican, thought by some to be Jose Santos, one of a notorious band of outlaws that had killed the sheriff and instigated revolution, and by others to be an inoffensive servant was wounded and cornered in a swamp near San Gabriel.

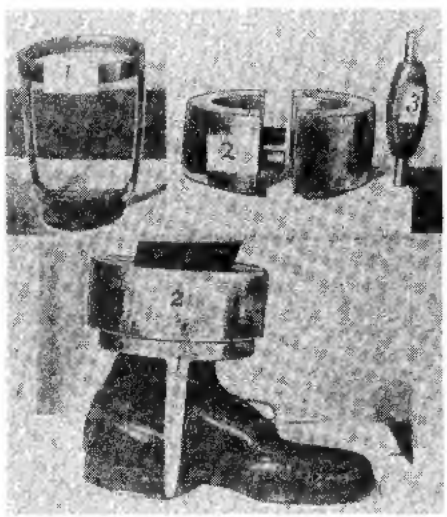
The swamp was set on fire, and while the owner of the land was imploring the gathering mob to capture the man alive, the Mexican raised his head above the reeds, and was shot and killed by one of the King brothers. The mob wanted to whip the body; later, at San Gabriel, the corpse was stabbed, mutilated, and decapitated by a drunken mob, and three more persons were killed. These were some of a number of vigilante executions over a short period of time, some justifiable in their choice of victims, some questionable, but in spite of some public clamor, none were ever punished.

It is arguable that Johnson, Carlisle, Santos and Alexander had all taken human lives, and so deserved killing, but it can also be argued that the punishment would have been more just if the Kings had not interfered with the law, and allowed it to take its own course. **— R. Olson, 1767 Ringe Lane "B," Las Vegas, NV 89115.**

The Oregon Boot

I was pleased to receive the first copy of TRUE WEST published under your editorship. It is a lively magazine and I wish it full success.

I would like to say a word about the prisoner's shackle known as the Oregon boot, which was given so much attention



A 17-pound Oregon boot.

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in Ben Townsend's "Hell Train Out of Yuma," concerning the jailbreak of Thomas Hart and others (November TRUE WEST).

Townsend shares a common failing among authors in grossly overstating the weight of shackles. Models of the Oregon boot never approached the 50-pound weight that he repeatedly ascribes to. The heaviest model was 28 pounds, and in fact the boot depicted in the illustration accompanying the article weighs but 17 pounds (including the stirrup).

Even this weight was a severe encumbrance to its wearer, of course, and the design of the device made its removal with hammer and chisel a matter of enormous difficulty.

The Oregon boot is one of the two American contributions to the design of shackling devices (the other being the rotating bow of the modern handcuff), and the only one to come out of the West. It would be a pity to perpetuate errors concerning it. — **Patterson Smith, 23 Prospect Terrace, Montclair, NJ 07042.**

Shape Vs. Soul

In the November, 1982 issue of TRUE WEST, on page 25, ("I Fought Pancho Villa"), it states "When a Roman Catholic becomes ten years old, he receives a conformation...." I am sure this is a typographical error and not a "typigraphical" mistake on your part as the proper word is *confirmation.*

Conformation would already have been received, beginning even before birth, as that refers to a body's physical shape, whereas confirmation involves the soul. I enjoy your fine magazine. — **William T. Clarke, Jr., 2211 Ross Ave., Waco, TX 76706.**

Jesse James Authority

I certainly enjoyed the January 1983 issue of TRUE WEST. In addition, I received an extra treat with the story "The Outlaw Who Became a Pair of Shoes" by Carl Breihan, who is my favorite Western author.

In my opinion, Breihan is the world's foremost authority on Jesse James and his family. Thus, if anyone has a question about the famous James brothers, I should suggest they contact this writer.

For instance, on page six of this issue, there are two pictures in question. One is of Zerelda Samuels and the other is of Frank James. Personally I fail to see any resemblance to the known photos of these two people. Nevertheless, Breihan could, without any doubt, clear away the mist surrounding this query.

Over the years, I've read much of Carl Breihan's writings, and I've always found him to be very careful with his facts. That's the reason I feel at ease when I'm reading one of his articles.

I've been a Western history buff about fifty years, and I've read it all. — **Everett L. Mullins, 2641 S. 9th St., Springfield, IL 62703.**

Story Jolts Reader

Having read "A Tough Nevada Lawman" by Lee Berk in January's TRUE WEST, I find this quite interesting. Not realizing I'm getting old enough to predate this or any history, it sort of gave me a jolt. I might have a little something of interest to add to the story.

In the spring of 1929, on April 1, Dad (Charles Lowman) and I left the North Platte Valley where we had wintered. I was 17 years old and it was my first time in Nevada. Dad had gone to Nevada in 1893 from Illinois, so he had worked all over northern Nevada and southern Idaho, for Miller and Lux among others.

In those days sheep outfits covered hundreds of miles from summer ranges to winter feed grounds. I first did chores at Squaw Valley Ranch on Rock Creek, 50 miles north of Battle Mountain, near Midas, a gold mining town. We were running wide open then. Dad went to the sheep camps near the now Willow Creek Dam, which the Mormons built in the '20s. Later I was to go there where we lambed, then sheared and left the sheep wagons that were used on the Fish Creek Desert where we wintered south of Battle Mountain.

Elisons owned a ranch near Red House on the Humboldt River. They called it the Blossom Ranch, which sounds like this is what Berk refers to as Bloss Ranch. I spent time here. There was a foreman or straw boss there named Duviver. I'm sorry I can't recall his given name. Later I was to work for J.G. Taylor near Red House.

I was in Humboldt County, Nevada, in 1929 and 1930. It must have been the same time Lamb was sheriff. I was in and out of Winnemuca, but never ran into him (ha).

Dad was in the saloon at noon that day in the fall of 1900 by the bank in Winnemuca, Nevada, when it was held up by Cassidy, Longabaugh, Curry, Carver and the Tall Texan. They came and retreated by the same route from Idaho we used. I rode horseback over the same trail. — **Harold Lowman, Wanagon Creek, Sentinel Butte, ND 58654.**

Commemorating Zane Grey

Cannot the 30th anniversary year of TRUE WEST also commemorate the preserving of the homestead of perhaps the greatest master of the western genre, Zane Grey?

The February issue of TRUE WEST proudly points out that structures of the historic gold rush in California in 1848 are still standing and marvels at that fact. Should you also want to make sure that in the year 2000 the homestead of Zane Grey will be available for the photographer, your help is needed by the Zane Grey's West Foundation.

What other memorial to the West still exists in situ? Grey's Lackawaxen, Pennsylvania homestead — only a 5-acre plot — is scheduled to become a resort development unless westerners intervene.

Dr. Joe L. Wheeler has established a tax-exempt, non-profit organization which can preserve the Grey homestead (as well as the Payson, Arizona cabin), but it is limited by time. He has been allowed only 180 days from November 1, 1982 to ward off the bulldozers. Money will be needed, also, but stopping "progress" comes first.

Dr. Wheeler welcomes telephone calls concerning the project and can be reached evenings and Sundays at (817) 641-8536 or 641-4266. During the day, if necessary, he can be contacted through the Southwestern Adventist College at (817) 645-2271. Write him at Drawer A, Keene, TX 76059. — **Maurine S. Fletcher, 2105 Cottie Lane, Arlington, TX 76010.**

Your letters and comments are welcome. Please keep letters to 300 words or less. All letters received by TRUE WEST will be considered for publication unless otherwise stipulated in the letter. Space does not permit us to print all letters we receive. Be sure to include full name, address and zip code. Photos welcome. Address all letters to TRUE WEST, Iola, Wisconsin 54990.

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Hosstail's Small Talk

EDITOR'S NOTE: Hosstail in the April and May issues of TRUE WEST has been telling the history of the magazine. But in this issue he breaks into his running narrative to tell a story about Hood River Blackie. Blackie has often appeared on these pages. Hosstail says he'll pick up with his account of the history of TRUE WEST next month.

A VISIT FROM HOOD RIVER BLACKIE

He had been threatening to come by and visit us for months but had never been able to make it. Then on a recent Saturday morning the phone rang and it was Blackie on the outskirts of town.

Liz and I met him at the office and the visiting began. I had grown to look forward to his letters and had formed some sort of mental picture of him, but it was incorrect as is generally the case.

Ralph Gooding, better known as Hood River Blackie, is a big man — and in more ways than one. I had figured we would hit it off from the start and that was surely the case. I called Pat Wagner. Pat and Bob came over and we all had a good visit.

Blackie is renting a house near where some friends reside in Belton — near Temple. He would like to hang around for a while and get several books out of his system, but he hasn't been able to get any action out of a New York book publisher that has had his first book for five whole months. They seem to really love the book and think it has good potential but won't advance any money on it saying they need to make plans with their advertising and promotion departments before they can put any money up front. This has Blackie's nerves pretty well shot and he can't make plans until he knows what is going to happen to the first book.

I have had several friends who have had trouble getting action and especially money out of book companies and have never been able to understand the tactics they use. This provided us with plenty of talking material for the weekend, as you can imagine. Blackie is a real human sort of person, honest to a fault, a natural born writer — writes it from the heart and has an extremely colorful life to draw from. We were talking about the reluctance of certain types of New York businessmen to part with even small amounts of money when Blackie came out with, "Tex Medders said they were so tight you couldn't drive a ten penny nail up their back ends with a sledge hammer!"

As you possibly know, Blackie was a kid when some of the hoboes he writes about were in their sixties and eighties. So many have gone by now that it has left him almost alone. You can see the sadness in his eyes.

Mine is a similar situation. I had **so many** friends when I was in my twenties and thirties — I would nearly always be the youngest in most any group: Fred Gipson, J. Frank Dobie, Walter Prescott Webb, Hart Stilwell and Captain William Molesworth, an old Texas Ranger who came over from England when quite young, joined the Rangers and was put on border patrol — just about the toughest assignment he could have gotten. You can imagine the colorful true adventure stories he had to tell.

I had a little spot on Lake Travis and we would meet out there, lean back and look at the lake while smoking our pipes and waiting for the barbecue to get right. What tales came out of those terrific characters as the smoke curled and the beer flowed. Those were good times — unforgettable times. They are all gone now, and I can't look at that spot without a rush of memories overwhelming me. The nostalgia is so strong I could lie down and cry if it would do any good.

Blackie puts artificial flowers on the graves of the old-time hoboes. A New York Times reporter wrote a story about this, and the story carried a photo of him kneeling by a grave putting a plastic flower on it. Right away he got an envelope with five $100 bills in it and an unsigned note reading merely, "Use this to put plastic flowers on hoboes' graves." Some of those wanderers accumulated quite a bit of money and were really smart operators. Blackie figured that the anonymous donor had hit it good and wanted to spend some of his money on his favorite people. Blackie told me of a number of hoboes who had died quite well off, yet nobody knew of it beforehand. One had $30,000 in bills on him when he died. It is much more effective when he names names, describes the man and tells times and places.

It is important that we know the difference between hoboes and tramps. Hoboes didn't ask for handouts (except in dire emergencies) but worked for their keep. They made the harvest seasons from gathering apples in the state of Washington to seasons right down to the Mexican border.

I have a couple of letters from Blackie that I want to run now:

Dear Joe and Elizabeth,

Well, I made it home OK, and I want you to know that I had a great time at your place, and it did my nerves a lot of good.

My nerves have been bad anyway, and the publishers in NY are making them worse by keeping me hanging. I just as soon they tell me they don't want my book than to play games with me.

Well, Joe, by the time you get this letter meybe you will have bearded the lion in his den as it were. (I never could figure what that line meant; does it mean to go pin a fake beard on a lion?)

Anyway you will probably have talked to my editor at the book company, and explained why they can't have a profit before making an investment. (I'm sure Confucius would have something to say on the subject, but then I feel that at times Confucius was confused.)

I would in fact love to see Johnny Cash do an album about the songs of the hobo but then meybe other minority groups might complain and demand equal time on an album. Can you picture an album entitled, "The songs of

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the chicken pluckers?" Or, "The manure haulers and their music?" Real sellers I'm sure.

I see a great deal of sadness in you, just like in me, and for the same reasons I imagine. I sometimes feel very much alone because so many of my old pals are gone, and I can feel that way even when in a crowd. I believe my answer is to lose myself at this machine, and in the pages of the books I hope to turn out. Another Earnest Hummingbird I am not, but I should be able to do it.

Your answer is (I believe) to find new direction for your creative talents, and apply them in such a way as to be able to be leisurely about it. I'm advocating something with no deadline or hurry. Remember you have spent many years doing publishing and writing, and shouldn't stop all at once.

I have studied many an old-time hobo, both along the tracks and in cabins and rest homes, and I am very accurate in my judging people's condition. From your looks and actions I would judge you have a long time to live if you don't just start sitting. (I know I'm sticking my nose in, but I think a lot of you.) Most of the old hoboes I knew got by fine even to a great age, until they quit the only life they knew and started sitting around some rest home or in front of some cabin. They didn't usually last long if they did that. Meybe you should write a book and call it, "Gone With the Wine." It would be all about winos. Or how about one about railroad bulls called, "For Whom the Bulls Toil?"

I remember one time when Lying Roy was telling a bunch of us under the bridge at Winters, California, how he had told the bull off in Barstow (he was a bad bull). Then Doughbelly Padget said, "If you told him off, why was you hiding under a bush two miles from the yards?"

After all his 60 years of adventure on the road, Lying Roy was hit by a car when he was 30 feet off the road. He was killed. Old Roy was so skinny, Bughouse McCann used to say he had to run in a circle in the shower to get wet.

I also enjoyed meeting Pat and Bob, and I hope that some time we can have a barbecue and a party.

Good health to you.
Blackie

Blackie called me and threw out a title and asked if I liked it. I knew the story behind it and said send it in. He did in letter form. It refers to all the old pals who went on before him. I think you will enjoy it.

TOO MANY GRAVES BEHIND ME

Not long ago I finally managed to stop by the old TRUE WEST office in Austin, Texas, and met Joe Small, who has published the magazine since 1953. Oh sure, I had been writing an article now and then for old Joe, and had been at it for quite a few years, but we had never gone eyeball to eyeball before.

I walked slowly around the offices glancing at desks that looked as though the person who worked there had just stepped out for coffee. I gazed at paintings on the walls, pictures that were covers on long ago issues of the magazine. I saw awards and barbed wire samples, and I heard my heels echo hollowly in the silent halls. It may not appear so to others, but to me the ghosts of a lot of long gone westerners prowled the halls with me, for the names of thousands of them were recorded on some piece of paper somewhere in the old TRUE WEST offices.

Somewhere was the very first article I had ever done for Joe Small, the one I had dreamed about 29 years before, when I had swung down off a mule to examine a magazine someone had thrown away near Death Valley. Somewhere also was a duplicate of the very magazine I had found on that long ago day.

I can recall that day very well, with its cold wind howling down out of the high Panamint Mountains and the sand whispering in protest as the wind drove it across the land. The old mule trudged slowly along until we came to the pile of trash which I could tell had been left by some uncaring tourist, then I stopped him and slid down to take a look at a magazine I could see lying open with the wind whipping its pages. I walked up to it and used my toe to turn it over so I could read the name of it. It said "True West."

The first thing that flashed in my mind was the old pulp westerns I used to see many years ago, but for some reason this magazine was different. I could see that the pictures in it were real and not the crude drawings which usually were in the old pulps. I sat down and read the tattered magazine from cover to cover.

Then I took it with me far across the lonely land. I also took a new dream along. I knew I was no writer, but I was thinking that if only I could, just one time, write some sort of story that would be accepted by the editor or the publisher, I would be the happiest man in the world. At the time I knew I never could and had no intention of even trying. Yet as time went by, the day finally came when I did in fact see my name in the magazine as the author of an article. Then another, and another, and still more.

I wrote about Tex Medders, most ancient of vagabonds, but one time cowboy and gun hand. I wrote about Chicken Red, the old hobo who very clearly recalled the days of the horseback outlaws. I mentioned the legendary wanderers I had met in hobo jungles, in ghost towns, and in forgotten shacks all over the west. And I shared a campfire with them and listened to their tales of the rails and cinder trail, and the boom towns they had seen, and the times they had had.

Somehow the wind doesn't whisper so softly to me now as it did then, and the grass in spring doesn't seem so green, nor the flowers so lovely. I know why too: There are too many graves behind me.

Here's to your health.

Blackie

That's enough for this time. I'll continue with the history of TRUE WEST next issue. See you later. — Hosstail

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Western Roundup

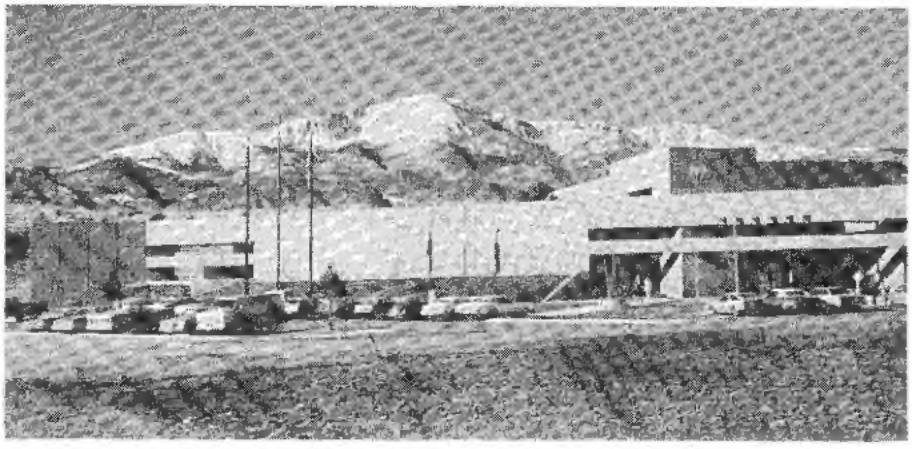
COWBOY LEGACY PRESERVED

An educational and entertaining museum, the Prorodeo Hall of Champions and the Museum of the American Cowboy was founded to preserve the legacy of the cowboy contests, their heritage and the champions.

The Hall, located in Colorado Springs, Colorado, contains more than 50 exhibits. Founders Hall recognizes individuals, firms and foundations which contributed to building and research for the Hall of Champions. Saddles, chaps, ropes, boots, clothing and western artifacts are displayed in the Heritage Hall. The Hall of Champions is the main hall in which five to seven cowboys in each rodeo event are honored.

Besides the halls, there is an Outdoor Garden Exhibit which houses four live rodeo animals in paddock and stalls, and many works of art grace the hallways and waiting areas.

The museum is open Memorial Day to Labor Day, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. All other times hours are 9 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. Tuesday through Saturday, and noon to 4:30 p.m. on Sunday. The museum is closed on Mondays. Admission is $2.50 for adults, $1 for children 5 through 12, and children under 5 get in free.



The Prorodeo Hall of Champions and the museum together feature two theaters, three exhibit halls, an outdoor exhibit garden and the American Cowboy Art Gallery.

In the Footsteps of Lewis and Clark. On July 25, 1806, Captain William Clark inscribed his name at Pompey's Pillar, 28 miles east of Billings, Montana (U.S. 10 and 312 and Interstate 94). Today this historic point is the only remaining physical evidence of the entire Lewis and Clark Expedition and is well worth seeing.

This — Montana's first landmark — was autographed by a man whose maps were used by Western explorers. The northeast side of the pillar is the only accessible side.

Lewis and Clark's expedition covered eleven states. In Clark's journal there is a description of how they signed the pillar. There is also a pine box display case with sketches depicting methods of Indian burials along with items found at the burial grounds. This area near the pillar was often used as a burial place.

As you continue the Yellowstone River tour, more history unfolds. There is a settler's cabin which contains authentic pioneer furnishings; a farm and sheep wagon are also in the vicinity.

This national historic landmark is open June 1 to September 1, from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. The map at the Visitor's Center lists the points of interest.

The Ghost of Shakespeare. Shakespeare, New Mexico is an authentic and completely uncommercialized ghost town located two-and-a-half miles southwest of the present town of Lordsburg in southwestern New Mexico.

At least two buildings on this National Historic Site were built before the Civil War and one or two more during the war. When new stage lines reopened the old Butterfield route, miners came back into the area and silver ore was discovered.

William Ralston and his group were interested in the new mines. During the resulting silver and diamond mining boom the population climbed to 3,000 people and the town was officially named Ralston.

The silver ore played out and the diamonds had only been planted. The population dwindled rapidly. In 1879 a mining engineer named William George Boyle got hold of the mining claims and changed the town's name to Shakespeare.

When the Southern Pacific Railroad was built in 1880, it stayed down in the valley. Businesses moved to the railroad and Shakespeare slowly shrank.

The present owners bought the town in 1935. They have tried to preserve the six remaining adobe and mud and rock buildings which were in the center of town.

On the second Sunday of each month visitors are welcome at 10 a.m. and at 2

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p.m. They may walk along the main street and go into the buildings.

Stars Attend Film Festival. John Russell, John Agar, Susan Oliver and Beverly Garland.

Those are just four celebrities who will be attending the Memphis Film Festival in Memphis, Tennessee, August 3 through 6, 1983.

A galaxy of guest stars, a massive film program, musical entertainment by the stars and an awards banquet will highlight the event which will be held at the Holiday Inn Rivermont. Several of the performers who entertained at last year's awards banquet and show are expected to return this year.

Country music entertainment will include Merle Travis and Leon McAuliffe, former steel guitar player for Bob Wills.

Registration is $40 for 4 days for each individual; $50 for a couple. For more information write Memphis Film Festival, 100 N. Main Bldg., Suite 3008, Memphis, TN 38103.

Camaraderie is the Key. It is a time for Western writers to get together and exchange experiences, to see other writers they haven't seen in a while, and to update themselves on the state of Western writing in the United States.

This easy-going method of conducting business is perhaps the secret behind the success of the Western Writers of America. Its 30th Annual Convention will be held in Amarillo, Texas this year.

Located at the Hilton Inn in Amarillo, the convention will run June 27 through the 30th. Included in the events held there will be a business breakfast, an open session for all members to vote on future convention sites, panels, films, presentations on Western fiction and non-fiction, an autograph party sponsored by an area bookstore, a day of sightseeing, and continuous camaraderie among various Western writers throughout the country.

For more information, contact Jim Jennings, 207 Mescalero Trail, Route 5, Amarillo, Texas 79118.

Oldest Museum in Texas. The history, tradition, and the lore of a thousand centuries pass in review as the visitor passes through the Panhandle-Plains Historical Museum in Canyon, Texas, the oldest and largest museum in the state.

Life of the earliest sedentary Indians down through the nomadic tribes is revealed in the anthropological record of the region. The weapons, utensils, clothing, and crafts depicting the life of the Comanche and the Kiowa are known traditionally for their completeness.

Artifacts of the cattle industry from the open-range days include saddles, spurs, lariats, branding irons, bridles, quirts, and chaps

Pioneer Village, with its full-size, indoor restoration of streets, stores, and shops of a typical small Western town, and rooms representative of the pioneer home, recreates the life of the pioneer.

Guns of the Old West and today tell their own graphic story in a display of nearly 1,000 weapons of the world.

The museum collection of representational art from the region and of the world includes 1,300 paintings, valued in excess of three million dollars.

It is open 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. weekdays and from 2 p.m. to 6 p.m. Sundays.

Treasure Chest of Nostalgia. Yellowstone County Museum in Billings, Montana, is a rare treasure chest of old-time articles donated by loyal and enthusiastic people across the country.

The museum's front door opens to a typical living room of the 1890s, a social center for many years after the cabin was built in 1893 by Paul McCormick, Sr. The lower area of the Museum has an authentic roundup wagon used by the 7-7 Ranch on Crow Indian Reservation from 1893 to 1946.

Indian artifacts, dioramas, Calamity Jane memorabilia, and many other Western articles and scenes are available for visitor sight-seeing.

Owned by Yellowstone County, the museum is operated by two curators and governed by three trustees. It was founded in 1953 and officially dedicated in 1956.

Visitors are welcome and admission is free. It is open Tuesday through Saturday, 10:30 a.m. to noon and 1 to 5 p.m.; Sunday, 2 to 5 p.m.

World's Oldest Rodeo. Round up family and friends for the world's oldest continuous rodeo — the 99th Annual PCRA Rodeo.

Located at the Payson rodeo grounds in Payson, Arizona, this event will be held August 26 through 28, 1983. The 99th Annual Rodeo Parade on August 27 at 9:30 a.m., Highway 87 to Highway 260, will accent the rodeo festivities.

Friday the 26th the rodeo will be open at 7:30 p.m.; Saturday, at 1 p.m. and again at 8; and Sunday at 1 p.m. The admission fee is $5 for adults, $4 for senior citizens and $3 for children.

Cheyenne Rendezvous. If names like Jesse James, Butch Cassidy, Wyatt Earp and Pat Garrett appeal to you, then you'll want to join other outlaw-lawman history buffs at the 10th annual rendezvous of the National Association for Outlaw and Lawman History at the Hitching Post Inn in Cheyenne, Wyoming, on August 3 through 6.

Speakers scheduled for the three-day event include Kathryn Wright, Billings, Montana; Bill O'Neal, Carthage, Texas; Mabel Brown, Newcastle, Wyoming; Hank Clark, Fremont, California; Chuck Parsons, Silver Lake, Minnesota; and many others.

Speakers will be heard Thursday and Friday. On Saturday, rendezvous-goers will be boarded on buses and taken to Laramie where they will tour the University of Wyoming's American Heritage Center and see the NOLA Room.

Two California gunfighter groups will attend, dressed in Old West costumes, and will perform shootouts. Other entertainment is planned. The annual banquet will be Friday night.

The event will conclude on Saturday night at 7 p.m. with the 30th anniversary celebration of TRUE WEST. There will be a hosted bar, food, a cowboy band for dancing and several TRUE WEST celebrities will be on hand.

Rooms may be reserved at the Hitching Post Inn by calling toll free 1-800-528-1234. Request the special NOLA rate of $38 single, $46 double. Rendezvous registration is $40 per person. Two days of speakers only is $20. Banquet only is $20. ($40 fee includes coffee-donut breaks; banquet; trip to Laramie and Saturday night party).

For information, write NOLA, Western Research Center, University of Wyoming, Box 3334, Laramie, WY 82071.

Western Roundup is a report on places to go and things to see associated with the history of the Old West. Submissions are welcome. Information on scheduled events should be submitted at least six months prior to the event. Items on historic places are also welcome. Send information, including black and white photos, to: Western Roundup, Western Publications, Iola, Wisconsin 54990.

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THE SECRET WIFE

Josephine Marcus Earp, Wyatt's last wife, tried for decades to hide the truth. She knew if the world discovered that Wyatt deserted his second wife, it would hurt his image.

By GLENN G. BOYER

Photos courtesy the author

EVEN her name was mysterious. Why was she known as Mattie when she was born Celia Ann? This may remain forever a matter of speculation. However, without the fascinating contents of her trunk, sent home upon her tragic death, we wouldn't have found out enough about her even to speculate about her name.

Appropriately, this old wood-banded trunk looked like it should have sheltered the solution to some delicious mystery in a Gothic novel. The 1887 patent date, unobtrusively stamped on its metal bottom, revealed that the trunk had been new when Mattie's end came on July 3, 1888, after which it was sent home to her sister, Sarah Blaylock Marquis. Nor was the trunk's appearance deceiving; it did hoard an intriguing secret for more than six decades before yielding it.

Inside the trunk were two pictures of Mattie; the youngest likeness had her signature on the back and was taken at Fort Scott, Kansas. The Fort Scott photo shows a young lady in gingham with just a trace of a pensive smile; the later one reveals the unmistakeable lines etched by tragic and bitter later years. (Both photos are owned by the Arizona Historical Society.)

Photos of the Secret Wife

Celia Ann Blaylock, left, (mysterious Mattie Earp), taken at Fort Scott, Kansas, circa 1871, probably about the time she met young widower, Wyatt Earp. At right, Mattie Earp in Globe, Arizona, 1885, three years before her tragic death.

Beyond those photos there were some clothes and a scrapbook of newspaper clippings. The rest of the contents of the trunk was puzzling to Mattie's family. Who were the people in the other two tintypes, a large one of an older man and woman, a second smaller one of a child three or four years old? And who was the Sutton Colburn (as they were able to decipher the name) who had written an inscription to Wyatt Earp in the front of a small presentation bible that was in the trunk?

Sarah Marquis and her family knew who Wyatt Earp was. He was Sarah's brother-in-law and he had deserted her sister at Tombstone, Arizona, six years before. His name was already a dirty word to the Marquis clan in Iowa when they received Mattie's trunk and its doleful reminders.

His name was still a dirty word more than 75 years later when I met Sarah's daughter-in-law, then eighty-one. Florence Marquis had gravel in her voice and an angry gleam in her eye when she said, "We never heard a single good thing about an Earp."

When Wyatt had deserted her, Mattie was 32 and had lost the youthful looks that might have helped her find another husband. On the day of her death at Pinal, Arizona, she was a despondent alcoholic, dope-addicted prostitute. She had apparently taken an overdose of laudanum.

Wyatt's first marriage, to Urilla Sutherland, took place on Jan. 10, 1870, at Lamar, Missouri. His young wife died

OPPOSITE PAGE: This stunning portrait of Wyatt Earp was done circa 1880 and was owned by the Earp family. This is probably the best likeness of him in existence and to our knowledge has not been previously published in a magazine.

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OF WYATT EARP

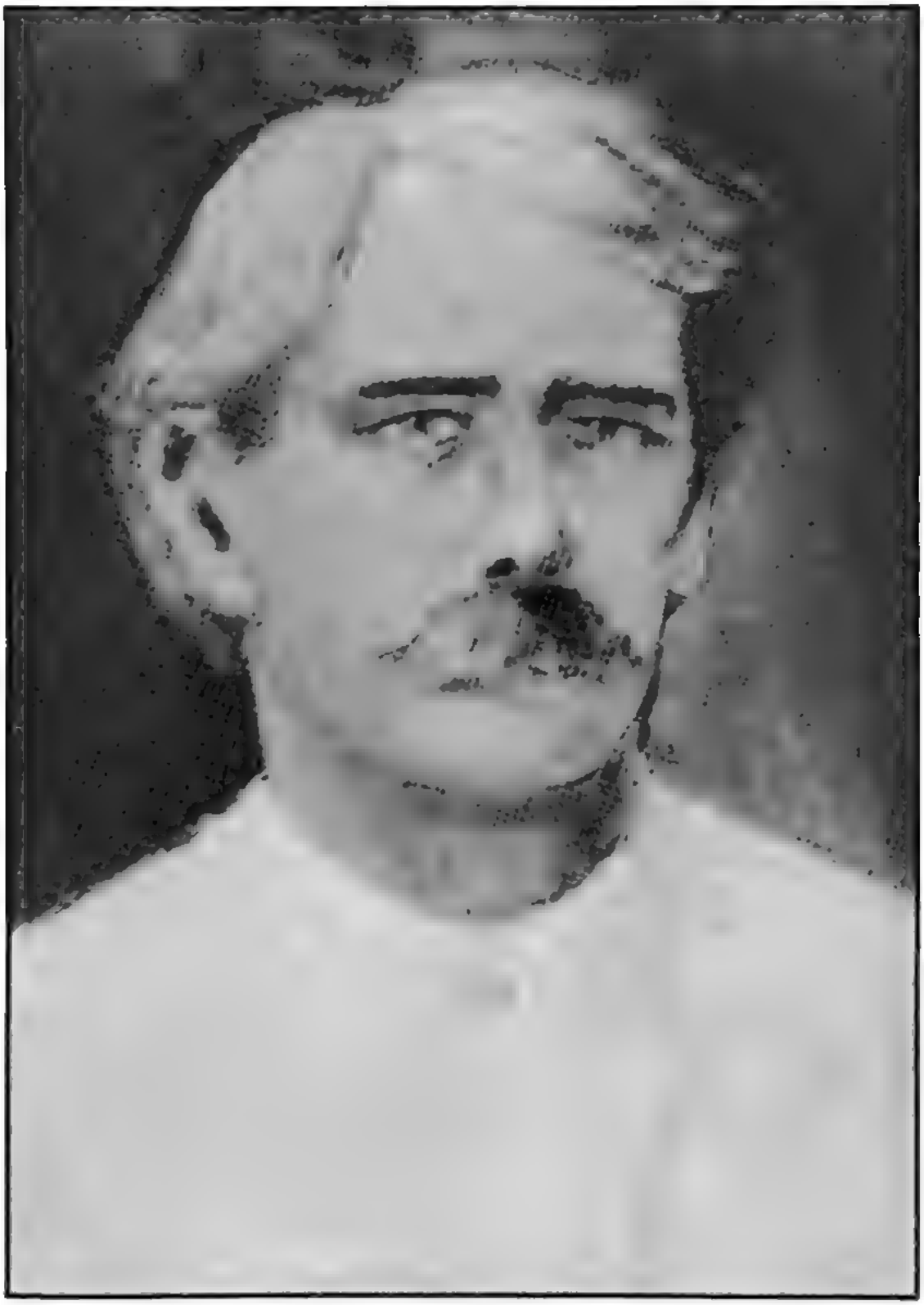


Photo at left is copy of a tintype found in Mattie's trunk. This couple later was identified as Wyatt Earp's parents, Nicholas and Virginia Earp. At right is the other tintype (of a young girl) found in the trunk.

later that year in childbirth, along with the infant. Mattie was, thus, Wyatt's second wife.

THESE events might simply have sunk into obscurity when those who remembered her died. The trunk's contents alone meant nothing to a casual viewer. Someone who remembered their story was needed as an indispensable link to recall this frontier tragedy from beyond the mists of the past. And added facts, unknown even to Mattie's family, had to be uncovered.

Mattie's family knew her as Celia. She had been born Celia Ann Blaylock in late January or early February, 1850. They always received her letters, many from Dodge City, Kansas, and Tombstone, signed Celia Earp or Mrs. Wyatt Earp.

But she was known only as Mattie to the Earp side of the family. Why? Only speculation answers. Mattie was a favorite monicker of frontier dancehall girls. The Earp boys lived in a world where that was the most likely class to meet and even marry.

How then did we find out about Celia as Mattie? The family discovered she was called Mattie, a puzzle to them.

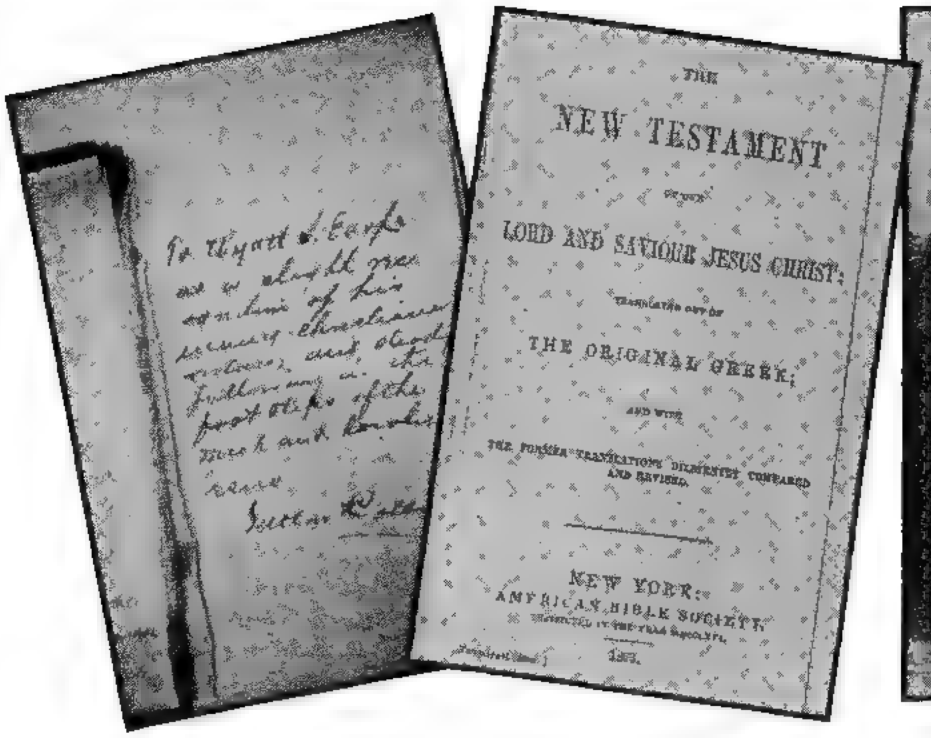
BUT more importantly, writer Frank Waters interviewed Mrs. Virgil Earp in the 1930s. She was Wyatt's sister-in-law. She had known Mattie well. Aunt Allie, as Virgil Earp's wife was commonly known, didn't hesitate to tell what she knew. She told Waters that Mattie had come to Tombstone as Wyatt's wife and that he had deserted her there. She did not, however, know Mattie as Celia Ann Blaylock, or if she did, didn't mention it.

Waters eventually wrote a book, purportedly based on what Aunt Allie had told him. But first he briefly summarized this information in an earlier book, *The Colorado*, in the Rivers of America series. This was the first public airing of Mattie's existence.

Later, in 1960, he published *The Earp Brothers of Tombstone*. It is largely fiction calculated to do a hatchet job on Wyatt Earp. As such it was a huge success. Aunt Allie, not too surprisingly, since it extensively misquoted her, threatened Waters with a lawsuit and worse if he dared publish it. He didn't until she was long dead.

Therefore it is totally useless as a reliable research document. Nonetheless one must credit him with the first clue that led others to find more about Mattie Earp. A diligent researcher may have turned her up eventually anyhow, since her name appeared on the 1880 U.S. census and also on a mortgage on her's and Wyatt's house at Tombstone. But these documents would not have told us who Mattie really was nor did Aunt Allie's recollections, so far as Mattie's identity as Celia Ann Blaylock went. The public probably would always have wondered about the whole truth.

ANYONE understanding the true facts of the making of the Earp myth might be forgiven for blurting, "How the hell did **he** become a legend?" It's a fair bet he'd have marvelled as well. The answer is a lot simpler than one would expect: He fit the mold in every respect. Which is to imply the mold isn't half as heroic as we'd like to believe. He was (1) tough, (2) incredibly nervy, (3) a survivor of a genuinely perilous life in an adventurous time that was nostalgically celebrated by a later generation, (4) chosen for "heroization" by a genius with a pen and (5) perhaps chosen by fate as well. This wielder of the golden



This is the inscription in bible found in Mattie's trunk and title page from the bible.

Sarah Marquis, right, sister of Mattie Earp, to whom her trunk was sent, with her husband, circa 1870s.

pen, Stuart Lake, made Wyatt Earp with just one semi-fictional but fantastically believable and dramatic psuedo-biography: *Wyatt Earp, Frontier Marshal*.

But we mustn't forget that even Lake's genius would never have succeeded in making a folk hero of Wyatt Earp if the public had known Mattie Earp's tragic story before he wrote.

Lake would have been the first to recognize this. He tried to suppress her story by legal means and squelch it by propoganda after he finally learned of it in 1956. Wife deserters aren't the stuff of heroes in America's view and were even less so at that time (1931).

However, Lake's book was the stuff of which movies are made and several were based on it. Thus several million movie goers as well as readers of this popular book considered Wyatt a hero even by the time the first faint public inkling of Mattie's existence crept out in 1950. This was not a broadcast piece of news like Waters', but it was what eventually led to Waters' ability to later publish Aunt Allie's revelations with more authoritative information about Mattie.

It is an undeniable truism that, "once established as such, nothing can kick a folk hero off his pedestal." The reason is rather elementary: It would involve the impossible — public acknowledgement that they had been duped.

One may feel certain, therefore, that Wyatt will remain a folk hero. Even Waters couldn't discredit this frontier paladin with the alleged authority of inside dope from the family.

This earliest attempt to publicize Mattie stemmed from her family itself and was probably engendered by their amazement over the family skeleton's rise to storybook fame. But in view of the growing Boy Scout image even they were beginning to wonder if they didn't have their Wyatt Earps mixed up.

For the same reason — general acceptance of Lake's apotheosis of Wyatt — their story was regarded as simply incredible by those they told it to first. Moreover, it would have gotten short shrift with any of the millions who'd read Lake or seen the movies based on his book.

Lake, until at least the late fifties, was accepted as what the dust jacket of his book proclaimed him to be: The man who had known Wyatt Earp best. Actually, he may have interviewed Wyatt personally a half dozen times.

LAKE notwithstanding, Mattie, or Celia Ann, had been Wyatt's wife of several years when he deserted her. Even though Lake's book didn't mention her, since he'd never heard of her, she was at the very least Wyatt's common-law wife, a fact acknowledged by him in the mortgage document they jointly executed in Tombstone on Jan. 13, 1882. That he had a wife was also verified by the local newspapers.

Predictably, Mattie's family soon discovered that getting her accepted as what she'd really been was not going to be easy. The first try, by Mattie's nephew, Osmond Marquis, was generated by his interest in an article he'd read in the Dodge City Globe dated Feb. 2, 1950. In response he wrote a letter to Merritt Beeson, who owned the Beeson Museum in Dodge. Osmond's letter said in part:

Dear Mr. Beeson,

A friend handed me a copy of the Dodge City Globe of Feb. 2nd and I was very much interested in the arti-

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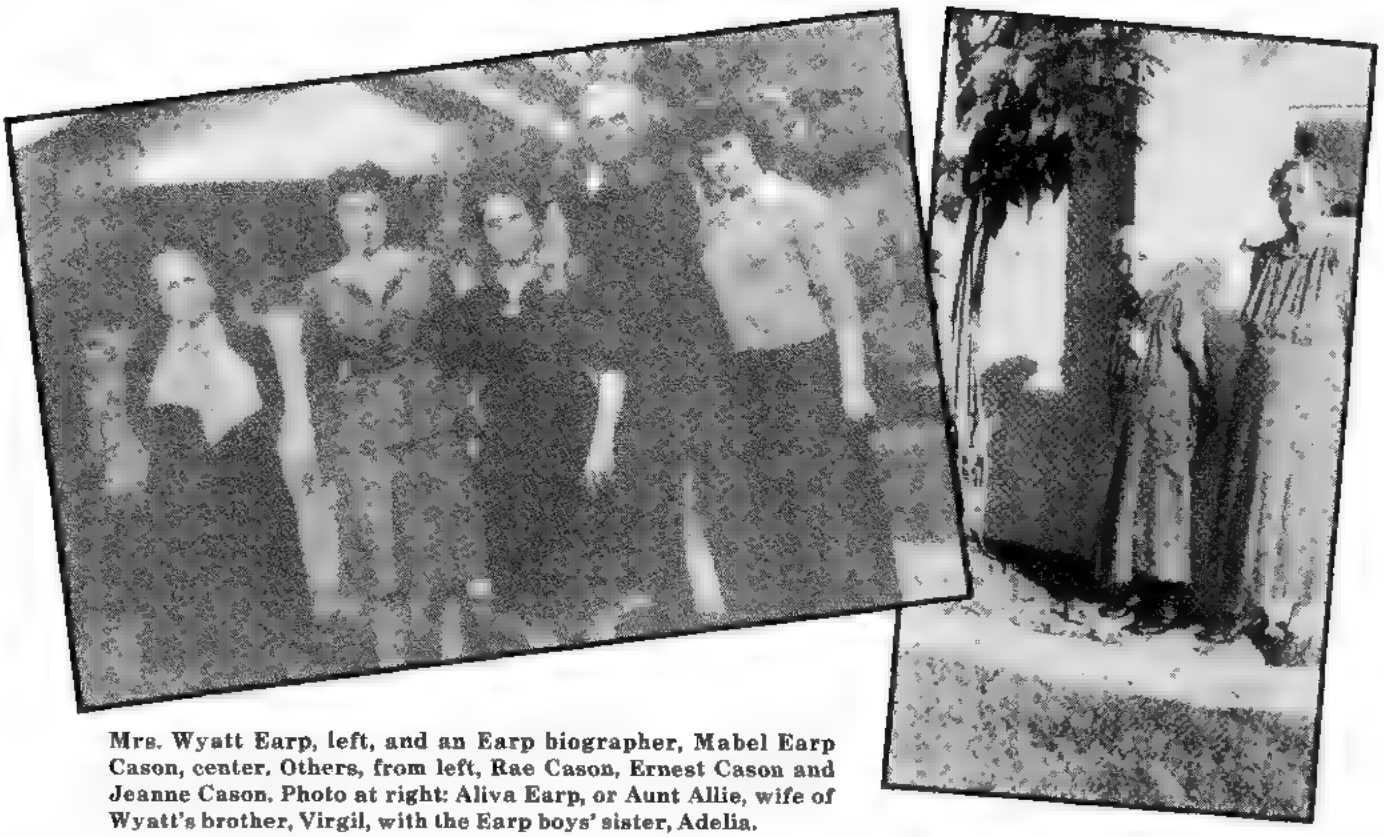

Mrs. Wyatt Earp, left, and an Earp biographer, Mabel Earp Cason, center. Others, from left, Rae Cason, Ernest Cason and Jeanne Cason. Photo at right: Aliva Earp, or Aunt Allie, wife of Wyatt's brother, Virgil, with the Earp boys' sister, Adelia.

cle about your Museum, I will tell you why. I am now a man of seventy years old, was born in Lynn County, Iowa. My mother's maiden name was Sarah Blaylock, her older sister's name was Celia Blaylock, their P.O. was Fairfax, Iowa. From now on I must write from memory some things my mother told me and talked about when I was a boy. When Celia was about fifteen or sixteen she ran away from home and somehow found her way to Dodge City, Kansas and married Wyatt Earp. (Author's Note: ten or eleven years are unaccounted for before she is first known positively to have been in Dodge City in 1876. The evidence strongly suggests she found her way to Dodge City with Wyatt Earp when she was already his wife.) I don't know how long they lived there, but they moved to Tombstone, Arizona where they lived for several years. (Author's Note: Dec. 1879 to Mar. 1882.) I can remember her letters coming from other towns in Arizona and she finally died in Pinal, Arizona and was I think buried there in a pauper's grave for he had deserted her, her personal things were sent back to my mother in Iowa and I did have many things that belonged to them, one is an old round-topped trunk which is still in good shape, I also have her scrap book telling all the moves they made but it is left behind somewhere. I have a good picture of her — would that fit into your collection?

* * * * * *

....for some reason she went by the name of Mattie and I think was buried under that name but my mother always addressed her as Celia Earp.

* * * * * *

The best relic I have is a small bible printed in 1863 and it has the inscription which is enclosed and I had my wife copy it as near as possible as it is written in ink and is on the fly leaf, it is my guess that Sutton Colburn is a Dodge City man, perhaps you can trace it.

Yours very truly
s/ O.H. Marquis

Mr. Marquis' letter was a monstrous embarrassment to the current picture of Wyatt Earp even in 1950, and much more so in Dodge City which was very pro-Earp. Further, Merritt Beeson would have been particularly unreceptive to this information as fact, since he was the son of Wyatt's old Dodge City crony Chalkey Beeson. Happily, O.H. Marquis' letter was to avoid the fate of being tossed out. The Beesons carefully filed it and apparently tried to ignore its implications. The fact that the Beesons did file this letter was a significant circumstance, indispensable to today's public acceptance of Mattie as Wyatt's wife.

KNOWLEDGE of that letter earlier would have saved much trouble for the two sisters who, in 1936, agreed to write the life story of Josephine Sarah Marcus Earp, the third Mrs. Wyatt Earp. It was to marry Josephine that Wyatt deserted Mattie. The sisters were Mabel Earp Cason and Vinolia Earp Ackerman, distant relatives of Wyatt's through their father, William Harrison Earp.

Earp's widow, Josephine, learned about them through an obituary of their step-mother in the Los Angeles papers in the 1930s. The obituary had mentioned the Earp connection and Jose-

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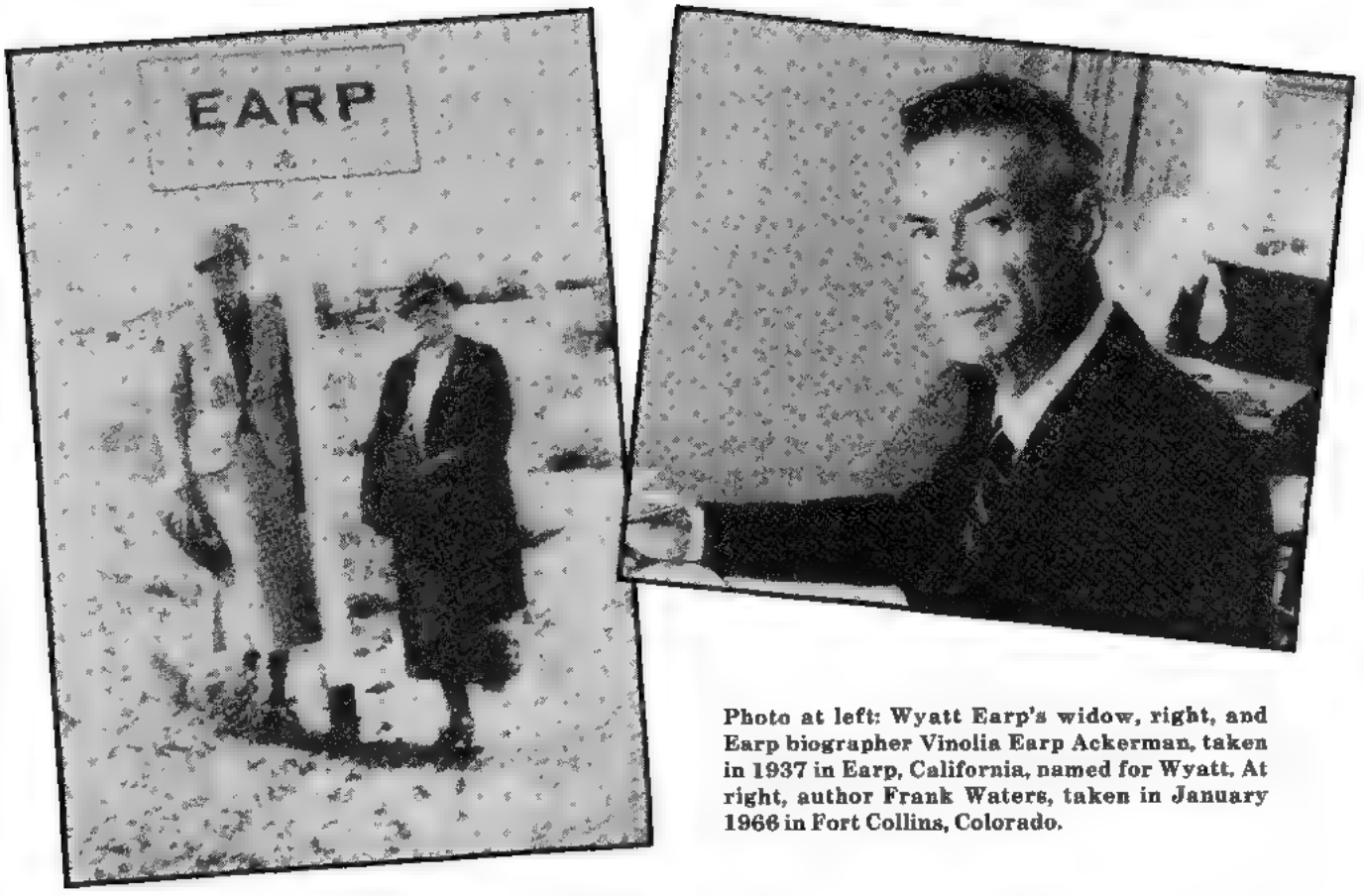

Photo at left: Wyatt Earp's widow, right, and Earp biographer Vinolia Earp Ackerman, taken in 1937 in Earp, California, named for Wyatt. At right, author Frank Waters, taken in January 1966 in Fort Collins, Colorado.

phine called them on the phone to see if the Earp survivors might be relatives.

When she discovered they were both writers, she asked them to do her story. They agreed enthusiastically, recognizing the story potential of her adventurous life with Wyatt.

They had a lot to learn about Josie, to their regret. She lived with one family or the other on and off during the four-year collaboration and proved an especially heavy burden to the husbands of the two sisters.

Josie could be trying. An example is Harold Ackerman's comment after having chauffeured his wife and Josie to Tombstone in 1937 to do some research: "No one will ever convince me that Wyatt Earp was a killer. He lived with that woman for almost fifty years!"

The problem was that Josie wasn't coming clean with the two sisters. As Mrs. Cason later described the problem in a letter:

"We finally came to realize that she was not giving us a vital part of her story, although we had a finished manuscript. She was not telling what had happened at Tombstone or how she met Wyatt. Because of her actions we realized something had happened at Tombstone that she simply would not reveal."

By this time the reader will have little trouble divining what that was. After Mrs. Cason finally found out what it was she added, "She seemed to be truly conscience-stricken about it after so many years." This suggests that Josie knew of Mattie's eventual fate.

In any event Mabel Cason and her sister decided not to publish without the full story. (The book was finally published as *I Married Wyatt Earp*, University of Arizona Press, 1976.)

Josephine Earp was secretive about many things as she grew older, apparently because she was seeking the respectability which hadn't worried her at all when she had run away from home with a theatrical troupe in 1879 and eventually met Wyatt in Tombstone as a result.

She also sought to preserve for Wyatt after his death the storybook reputation he had achieved through Lake's book, though she privately dubbed it "blood and thunder rather than a biography." That didn't prevent her from basking in his reflected glory, however. She even had "Mrs. Wyatt Earp" stenciled on her suitcase, a fact that prompted an unwary train conductor to innocently inquire if she was related to "two-gun Wyatt." She gave him a broadside he didn't forget, saying among other things, "My husband was *not* a gunman!" But, of course, he was.

During this period she was careful her biographers never met Mrs. Virgil Earp or any of Wyatt Earp's other relatives and, in fact, none of her own either. She meant to keep Mattie in her grave and out of print. And she succeeded admirably until her death in December, 1944.

After Josie's death, Mrs. Cason pursued the mystery of her well-kept secret and eventually gained a copy of the letter that Osmond Marquis had written to the Beesons in 1950. This was just at the time that an Earp genealogist, Mrs. William Irvine, had contacted her for the purpose of enlisting her assistance for Frank Waters in doing his book, *The Earp Brothers of Tombstone.*

(Continued on page 62)

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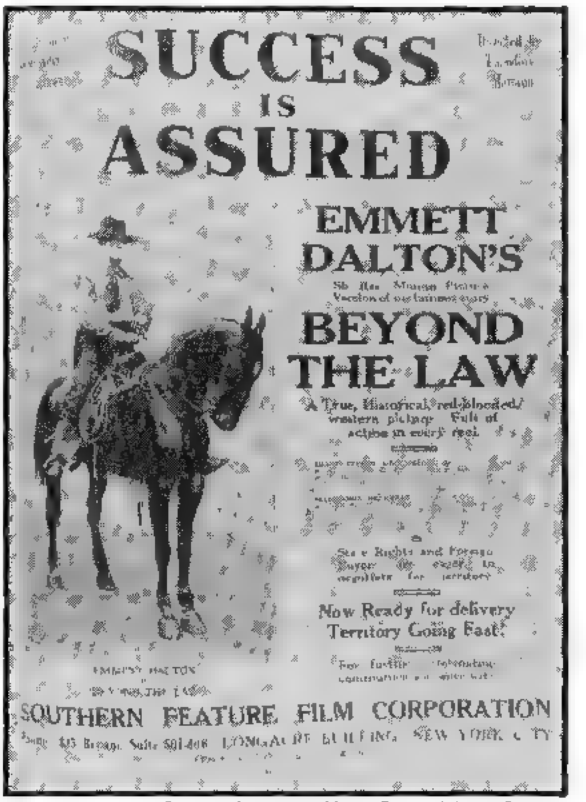
REAL TO REEL OUTLAWS

Badmen Who Made Movies



Courtesy Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences

By JAMES HITT

IN the early part of this century, a small group of ex-outlaws, attempting to come to terms with a rapidly mechanizing world, were drawn to a field that promised fame and fortune: Motion pictures. For some the road proved more rocky than the outlaw trail. A few found limited success.

The most famous old-time western bandit to try his hand at the movies was Emmett Dalton. He was the only Dalton brother to survive the raid on Coffeyville, Kansas, in 1892. Emmett was sentenced to life imprisonment for his part in the attempted robbery, but in 1907, the state of Kansas granted him a parole. He then moved to Oklahoma, married his childhood sweetheart and became a building contractor.

Although his business thrived, when Scott Younger approached him in 1915 with an offer to make a film about the famous Daltons, Emmett quickly agreed. Earlier Younger had produced a film based on the life of his own brothers and it was successful enough for him to try another.

With Emmett, Younger made "On the Texas Border," filming it in and around Tulsa. Emmett soon discovered he had a local hit on his hands. People were crowding into theaters at five and ten cents a ticket.

Excited by his name on the marquee, Emmett moved his family to Los Angeles in 1916 or 1917, where he set up his own production company, Southern Feature Film Corporation. His first and only film for the company was "R~ the Law," another retelling of th~ ton story.

Emmett produced the film, wrote the story and played the lead. The final print ran approximately sixty minutes. As an actor, Emmett proved to be stiff and nervous, his gestures wildly over-

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Ads for Al Jennings' movie "Beating Back."

done even for the unsophisticated audiences of the day. Overall, the production values fell far below those in the films of William S. Hart or even Bronco Billy Anderson.

As was customary, Emmett toured with the film. He lectured after each showing, preaching against the evils of crime. Since his release from prison, Emmett became a vigorous crusader against crime and would remain so until his death in 1937.

The profits failed to roll in fast enough, so Emmett returned to his business as a building contractor. However, his work on "Beyond the Law" led to other writing assignments and a few small acting roles throughout most of the 1920s.

ANOTHER famous outlaw who discovered the movie business was Henry Starr, who claimed to have robbed more banks than any man alive. On March 15, 1919, the state of Oklahoma granted Starr a parole after serving four years of a 25-year sentence for armed bank robbery. In July he returned to Tulsa, which during his bandit days had been his base of operations.

As early as 1912, a man named William Smith began to establish a film industry in Tulsa, hoping some day it might rival Hollywood. Due to Smith's early successes, several film companies sprang into existence in the city and a western street of false fronts gradually grew up along Sand Springs Road where studios churned out one film after another.

One day a friend of Starr's said to him, "There's more money in the motion picture business than in robbing banks. Ex-waitresses and soda jerks are getting rich. It should be a cinch for a famous bandit."

As a result, in October of 1919, he acquired one-fourth interest in the Pan American Motion Picture Co. based in Tulsa. The company immediately moved its equipment to Stroud, Oklahoma, to make a film based on an incident in Starr's life.

This was not the first time Starr visited Stroud. Four years before, Starr and six members of his gang rode into the city to try to do what the Daltons attempted — rob two banks simultaneously. But in the shootout that followed, seventeen-year-old Paul Curry, using a sawed-off 30-30 Winchester, blasted Starr in the leg, dropping him to the ground. As one of Starr's gang rushed to help the fallen leader, Curry shot him in the neck. The rest of the gang escaped, although most were captured later.

On his return to Stroud, Starr produced the story of this raid, calling it

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Courtesy Oklahoma Historical Society

Courtesy of Vicki Allen

Bill Tilghman, left, and Henry Starr.

"Debtor to the Law." Starr portrayed himself. As supporting players, he used bank employees and townspeople, including Paul Curry, who played himself.

"Debtor to the Law" proved an immediate success and Starr's earnings soon amounted to about $15,000. Several Hollywood producers, influenced by the success of the film, offered jobs to the famous ex-outlaw. But he turned them down fearing that if he moved to California he might be extradited to Arkansas for a robbery that he had committed 26 years before and for which that state still wanted him. Oklahoma had refused extradition; California might not.

Starr never collected his share of the profits from "Debtor to the Law." He claimed that his partners cheated him. With the failure of his film career, Starr eventually returned to the profession he knew best — crime. On Feb. 18, 1921, he and three companions stormed into the People's Bank in Harrison, Arkansas, guns drawn. Shooting started and Starr was fatally wounded by the 60-year-old bank president.

EVEN before Henry Starr, another bandit on parole, Roy Daugherty, alias Arkansas Tom Jones, who had ridden with the Doolin gang, tried his hand at acting. In a raid on Ingalls, Oklahoma, in 1893, Daugherty and the rest of the Doolin gang fought a fierce gun battle that left several law officers dead. Captured during the battle, Daugherty was sentenced to 50 years in the state penitentiary.

In 1910, the state granted Daugherty a parole with orders to report to Bill Tilghman, the famous lawman who had captured Bill Doolin. Tilghman was vice-president of the newly formed Eagle Film Company and he began preparations for a film, "Passing of the Oklahoma Outlaws." He hired Roy Daugherty to play himself, Arkansas Tom Jones.

Just as the company completed the final scenes, word came to Tilghman on March 27 of the capture of Henry Starr during the raid on Stroud. Packing up the cameras, Tilghman and his director Captain Lute Stover rushed to Stroud where they filmed additional scenes, including the bandits under guard and their transfer to the Chandler jail.

As usual, once "Passing of the Oklahoma Outlaws" was completed, Tilghman and Daugherty went on tour with the film. After a showing, Tilghman would speak from the theater stage and then bring out Daugherty, introducing him as Arkansas Tom Jones, last surviving member of the Doolin gang.

Even though the film proved successful, both Tilghman and Daugherty quickly tired of the personal appearance tour. Tilghman returned to law enforcement, accepting a job policing the oil boom town of Cromwell, Oklahoma. He was killed there in 1924.

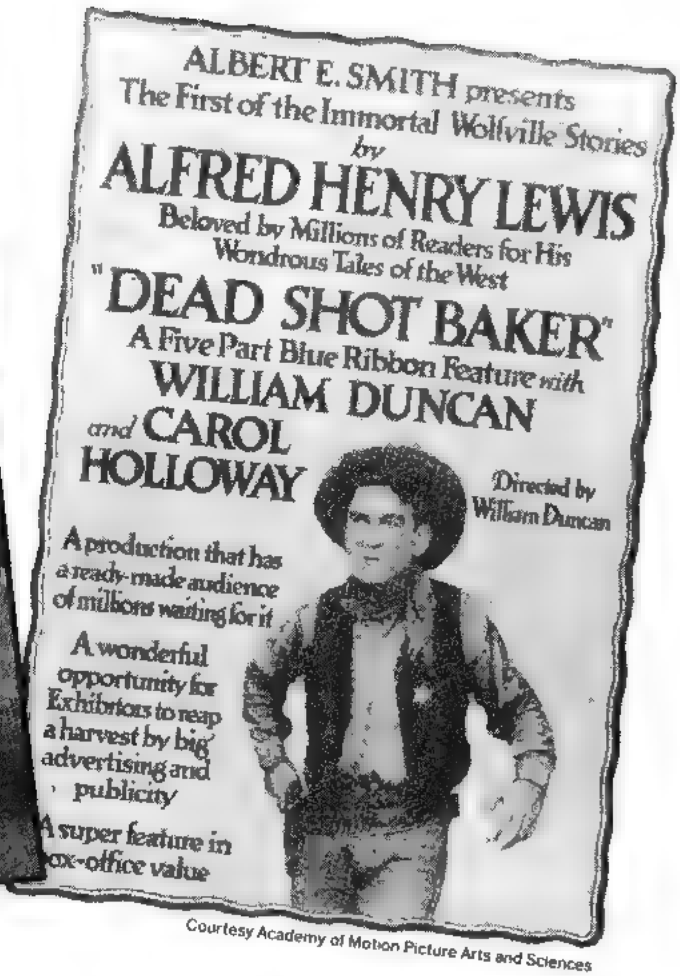
Roy Daugherty returned to a life of crime and in 1924, in a shootout with police in Kansas, he caught a bullet in the heart. Over five thousand people viewed the remains of the last of Bill Doolin's Wild Bunch.

"THE Passing of the Oklahoma Outlaws" was not Bill Tilghman's first venture into the motion picture business. As early as 1908, Tilghman joined forces with Al Jennings to make "The Bank Robbery."

As an outlaw, Al Jennings had been rather inept. During one train robbery, Jennings and his gang attempted to blow open a safe in the baggage car. Unfortunately they used too much dynamite. They blew up the baggage car but left the safe intact.

Not dismayed, Jennings turned to the passengers, taking over $400 in cash and jewelry. Just as he was about to ride

Courtesy of Vicki Allen


ALBERT E. SMITH presents
The First of the Immortal Wolfville Stories
by
ALFRED HENRY LEWIS
Beloved by Millions of Readers for His Wondrous Tales of the West
"DEAD SHOT BAKER"
A Five Part Blue Ribbon Feature with
WILLIAM DUNCAN
and CAROL HOLLOWAY
Directed by William Duncan
A production that has a ready-made audience of millions waiting for it
A wonderful opportunity for Exhibitors to reap a harvest by big advertising and publicity
A super feature in box-office value

Courtesy Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences

Paul Curry, left, who wounded Henry Starr in holdup, later played himself in film made by Starr. At right, "Dead Shot Baker" was Al Jennings' first Hollywood film though he is not billed.

away, one of his men discovered some bananas and a jug of whiskey in the wrecked baggage car and Jennings rode away with these strung across his saddle.

Incidents like these gave the bandit a reputation for a sense of humor. Writer O. Henry acknowledged that Jennings had been the source of some of his short stories. The two served time together in the Ohio State Penitentiary.

In 1907, President Theodore Roosevelt granted Jennings a pardon. In gratitude, Jennings turned to the lecture and evangelistic circuit preaching against the evils of crime.

"But I got tired of that," said Jennings. "Some of the preachers were worse than the outlaws."

So when Tilghman, working for the Oklahoma Mutoscene Company, proposed making a film with Jennings, the ex-outlaw eagerly accepted. The film was to star Jennings and be directed by Tilghman.

The plot of "The Bank Robbery" stayed close to the 1904 landmark film "The Great Train Robbery." The script of the Tilghman-Jennings film made some effort to show sympathy for the outlaws. When one of the gang is wounded while fleeing the scene of the crime, the others stop to care for him, even at the risk of being caught.

But "The Bank Robbery," like Al Jennings' career as a bandit, was inept. Bill Tilghman did not know anything about directing a film. At one point, as the outlaws ride out of town, the camera pans so slowly that it manages to catch up only to the tail of the last horse. Not once is Al Jennings, the star of the film, seen close-up, and except for his small stature, he becomes indistinguishable from the rest of the crowd.

IN 1914, Jennings wrote his life story, "Beating Back," which appeared in Saturday Evening Post. Charles Hite of Thanhouser Film Co. approached Jennings with an offer of $5,000 to film it. Accepting the offer, Jennings also agreed to act as technical advisor and star as himself.

Once the film was completed, Jennings toured the country with it. The film ran approximately fifty minutes. At its conclusion, Jennings would walk out on stage, wave his pardon from the President for all to see and then deliver a short speech.

The personal appearance tour ended in Hollywood and in 1917, Vitagraph Studios, noting the financial success of "Beating Back," offered Jennings a job as technical advisor and supporting actor in "Dead Shot Baker," a film

(Continued on page 58)

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The Answer Man

A Bust of Quanah Parker. Quanah Parker, the strikingly handsome Comanche war chief who surrendered in 1875 — but not defeated — has been much written about. Several aspects of his life are intriguing: That he was the son of Cynthia Ann Parker and a Comanche war chief named Peta Nocona; that he was a ferocious Comanche warrior and later a protector of his people; that he so clearly epitomized what an Indian chief should be.

Mrs. Rosemary Johnston, 125 Hempstead Gardens Drive H 2A, West Hempstead, NY 11552, wants to know something about Jack Hill, who sculpted the bust of Parker for the town of Quanah, Texas. Also, she has read that Quanah's grave was vandalized and wants to know if this is true.

Jack Hill, a sculptor who specializes in Indian subjects, resides in Amarillo, Texas, where he was born in 1923. His first professional work came in 1957 when he was commissioned by the State of Oklahoma to do the bust of Quanah Parker. This was unveiled during the "Quanah Parker Day" activities in Quanah, Texas. But the bust is now in the Indian Hall of Fame at Anadarko, Oklahoma. Some of his other major works include Geronimo and Satank, both now at Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

As to Quanah's grave being vandalized, the Fort Sill Museum curator assures that the grave, beneath a 17-foot granite marker, has not been vandalized or disturbed.

A Robe Made of Human Scalps. Bobby W. Davison, Route 2, Box 187, Copperas Cove, TX 76522, remembers having heard of an Indian who had a robe decorated with human scalps but was forbidden to wear it in the Fourth of July parades at Lawton or Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

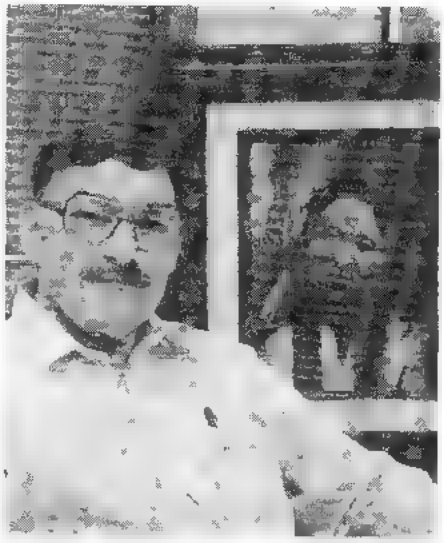
The Indian was Quanah Parker but I have found nothing official that says he was forbidden to wear it.

Lost Book on Mountain Meadows Massacre. Thomas W. Phillips, 3607 N. Glebe Road, Arlington, VA 22207, has lost a book on the Mountain Meadows Massacre and wonders how to replace it.

The book he is referring to probably was one written by Juanita Brooks, published by the University of Oklahoma Press in 1962 and again in 1979. The book can be obtained by writing the Press.

The Mountain Meadows Massacre was the slaughter of California-bound emigrants near Mountain Meadows, Utah, in September 1857. The 137-member party was attacked by a large band of Indians while camped. After holding on for three days they were promised safe passage by Mormon elder John D. Lee.

Away from the protection of their wagon barricades, they were attacked by both Indians and whites under Lee's orders. Seventeen small children — not yet old enough to tell what happened — were spared. Twenty years later Lee was executed on the spot of the massacre for his deed.



Above left: Teresa Eavenson, granddaughter of Quanah Parker, with the Parker sculpture. Above right: Sculptor Jack King Hill.

The Man Who Captured Henry Underwood. Everyone familiar with the name of Sam Bass probably also knows the name William C. Everheart.

Mrs. William Everhart, Rt. 1, Box 144, Clark, MO 65243, wants to know Sheriff Everheart's given name and who his parents were. She also asked if Judge Isaac C. Parker was from Marion County, Missouri.

Sheriff William C. Everheart was from Grayson County, Texas and served during the Sam Bass "war." On Dec. 25, 1877, he and detective Tooney Waite arrested gang member Henry Underwood and took him to Nebraska where Everheart received a reward of $500.

Parker, famous "hanging judge" of Fort Smith, Arkansas, was from Missouri. There he had served as state

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attorney, judge, and congressman. His first term at Fort Smith opened May 10, 1875.

Where to Write for Information on the Texas Rangers. Lila Babcock, 5505 Grove St., No. 90, Rocklin, CA 95677, wants to know where to write for muster rolls and other information on the Texas Rangers. She said her grandfather, Oscar George Wright, was with the rangers some time in the early 1900s.

One source is the Texas State Library, Lorenzo de Zavala State Archives, Box 12927 Capitol Station, Austin, TX 78711. They prefer the name, dates of service and company served in if known. This helps with the research.

After Geronimo, the Best-Known Apache is Cochise. Jim Hartwick, 1918 Roberts Ave., Butte, MT 59701, asks if there are any photos of Cochise and the date of his birth and death.

The only pictorial representation to my knowledge is a painting which was in the famous N.H. Rose Collection. A copy can be obtained by writing John S. Ezell, Curator, Western History Collection, 630 Parrington Oval, Room 452, Norman, OK 73019.

Cochise was born about 1825 and died on June 8, 1874, while visiting his friend, Tom Jeffords. The body was taken into the Dragoon Mountains by warrior friends and buried. Only they knew the exact location and that is now lost to history. Cochise was a member of the Chiracahua Apaches of southern Arizona and along with Mangus Colorado, led raids against the whites from 1860 to 1872. A photo of Cochise's son, Natchez, was in February's TRUE WEST.

— Chuck Parsons

If you have a question, send it to Chuck Parsons, TRUE WEST, Iola, WI 54990. Please keep questions brief. Sign your full name and address, including zip code. Names and addresses will be published if question is used. Space limitations may not permit us to publish all questions.

REEL COWBOYS

REFORMING BADMEN

By BILL O'NEAL

"Hell's Hinges" was one of the finest movies made by William S. Hart, memorable star of silent westerns. Hart's motion pictures were grim morality tales and "Hell's Hinges," a sagebrush version of Sodom and Gomorrah, preceded "adult" westerns of the 1950s by 40 years.

The austere Hart plays Blaze Tracey, an outlaw who falls in love with Faith Henly, the sister of a frontier preacher. Parson Henly builds a church in lawless Hell's Hinges but the town's leading saloonkeeper, Silk Miller, sends a tart to seduce the minister.

A drunken Henly finally leads the desperadoes of Hell's Hinges in burning his church, but he is slain during the spree. Blaze Tracey shoots villainous Miller and sets Miller's saloon ablaze. The conflagration incinerates the whole corrupt town. A reformed Tracey rides away with Faith seeking a better life elsewhere in the West.

The reform of a badman was the predominant theme of Hart films and so was biblical morality. Hart always insisted upon realistic costumes and sets. He had lived in the Dakotas and Kansas as a boy and stills from his movies resemble 19th Century photographs.

The billowing dust that accompanies riders in Hart films is a realistic touch which vanished from the screen when directors began watering their sets to obtain clearer shots.

Hart's partner in the action of "Hell's Hinges" — and in a majority of his other movies — was Fritz, the red and white pinto which became the first world-famous horse-hero of westerns.

William Surrey Hart was born in 1870, and spent two decades of his adulthood as a stage actor. He appeared frequently in Shakespearean roles, but he also played in

Thin-lipped and piercing-eyed William S. Hart.

stage versions of "The Virginian" and "The Squaw Man," whetting his appetite for western drama.

At the age of 43, Hart turned up in California and began his career in westerns. His tough, chivalrous character, thin-lipped and with piercing eyes, had great appeal from the start. Soon Hart eclipsed Hollywood's first cowboy star, Bronco Billy Anderson.

From 1914 through 1925, Hart lensed 63 movies, advancing westerns from one- to two-reelers to feature films of enormous popularity. For several years his starkly authentic but romanticized version of the West dominated the genre. But during the Roaring Twenties audiences responded to the flashy, fast-paced style of Tom Mix. When the aging Hart refused to alter his sentimental melodramas for the changing tastes of the Jazz Age his star faded.

His final movie was "Tumbleweeds," released in 1925. Hart retired to his ranch, wrote western novels, poetry and his autobiography, and led a dignified existence until his death in 1946.

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Illustration by Gail Price

COWBOY DANCING

By RISA WYATT BROWN

"FUN" describes the spirit of the western square dance, or, perhaps more accurately, the cowboy dance. The dances were joyful, enthusiastic, energetic and why not? Life was hard for western pioneers and they looked forward to the entertainment and companionship of a dance with intensity.

Although European dancers of the original Quadrille or Running Set would have shuddered at the loosely structured dance patterns and cringed at the wild whoops, they might have understood the fun of western dancing.

The frontier population was a mixture of cultures, traditions and even languages. But pioneers had a lot in common. They were adventurers, people ready to make their own way in a new place. They had a huge, new land to conquer. Survival required everything the pioneer had to give. In the West, easterners, southerners, Europeans and Mexicans were equal in battle against nature, weather and isolation.

They were too busy with life's struggles to perfect their dance moves. When these people got together, they were determined to have enough fun to last until the next party. They had known different dances at home, but they weren't afraid to change their style just to have fun with their neighbors.

THE day of the dance was electric with anticipation. People traveled ten, twenty, sometimes fifty to a hundred miles, which made the wait seem endless. Cowboys had been on the range for a long time and away from civilization.

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There were few women on the frontier so the cowboys had to dance with each other as shown here. A spokesman for the Frontier Gateway Museum in Glendive, Montana, said this probably was taken in eastern Montana or North Dakota. The museum supplied this photo.

People were getting together who had not visited in months. Excited hugs and hearty handshakes flourished.

Women were a precious commodity and their presence led to more than home baked goodies. There was competition for dance partners but an uneasiness among the cowboys. They knew cattle, not women.

Some women only had a wedding dress for their one fancy dress, so dances seemed special as a wedding day. The dance sites quickly filled, spurs jingling and people laughing, the air full of conversation.

Just as the noise threatened to overwhelm, the caller and the fiddler arrived. The crowd hushed and backed against the wall. The caller was the personable leader who gave instructions and coordinated the dance steps into an activity that anyone could do.

Everyone waited for the signal, "Podners to your puncheons!"

Then all that stored-up energy was channeled into dance moves, stomping feet, and clapping hands. The cowboys tended to be rambunctious and their dance steps resembled their cattle handling. Their polka gallop was more like dismounting a horse. Their boots didn't make for elegant footwork. A thoughtless cowboy's spurs could tear his partner's dress.

COWBOYS needed to let off steam and often, when there were no women around, they danced with each other. Today's macho males wouldn't think of doing it, but in the late 1800s on the cattle frontier, cowboys *had* to dance with each other, if they were going to dance at all.

S'lute yer ladies, all together;
Ladies opposite the same;
Hit the lumber with yer leather;
Balance all an' swing yer dame;
Bunch the heifers in the middle;
Circle stags an' do-ce-do;
Keep a-steppin' to the fiddle;
Swing 'em round an' off you go.

From "At a Cowboy Dance"
by James Barton Adams

They developed a system of partnering off with another buckaroo. A handkerchief often was tied around the arm of one partner or an apron wrapped around his waist to signify that the partner was the "woman." This sytem also was used in community dances when there were women, but not enough to go around. As a reward for assuming the lady's part, the fellow "sporting the heifer brand" had the priviledge of being "set with the ladies" if there were any.

Wearing guns into the dance hall was definitely a no-no, but it sometimes happened. Drinking also took place at these dances, although usually it occurred outside the hall. The rotgut whiskey usually had a quick effect on cowboys long used to the ranges and trails where booze could not be gotten easily.

Some cowboys didn't drink a drop, but some who did got ornery and others got playful. Mixing drinking and guns sometimes led to fireworks. Most of the time nothing more serious happened than putting a hole in the ceiling.

With women around, the mischievous cowpokes couldn't resist a few practical jokes. In Owen Wister's *The Virginian,* the cowboys swapped the swaddling clothes of the sleeping infants so parents would take home the wrong children.

If there were no women present, the parties really got wild and woolly. Their imaginations had no limit. There was nothing like breaking a few chairs or

Stag dance for employees of C. C. Slaughter's Long S Ranch near Lubbock, Texas, in early 1900s. The photo was by Boone Photo of Austin, Texas. Note the cowboy in woman's role wears apron.

having a good brawl to release the tension of long weeks looking at cows instead of people.

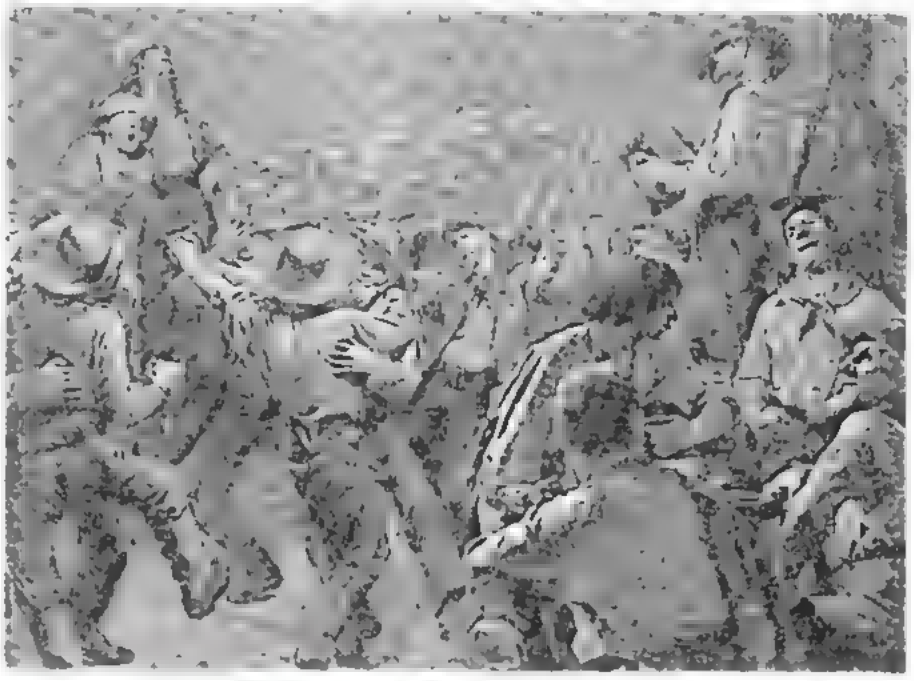
Dances, like other community get-togethers were serious affairs. A lot of business could be conducted on the sidelines while others danced. Butch Cassidy, fearing the rancher element was closing in on him at the Hole-in-the-Wall in Wyoming, sold his homestead on Blue Creek one night at a dance.

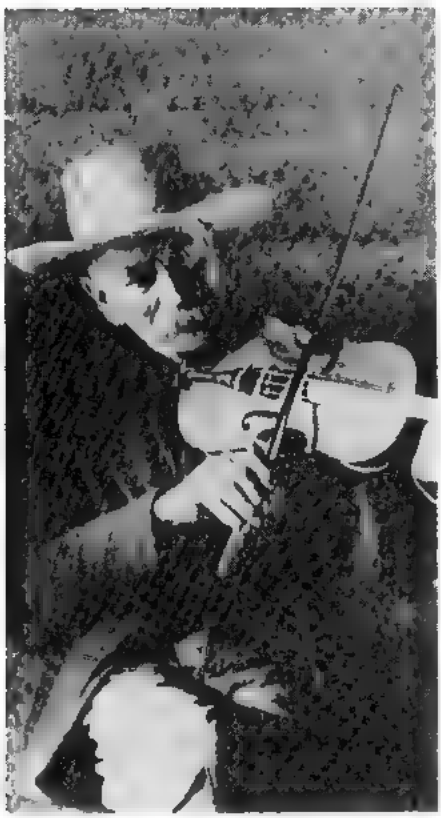
Cassidy simply rode up to the dance hall, sent someone in for the neighbor rancher he wanted to sell out to and after the transaction, rode out of the country. He told Jim Stubbs, the buyer, his word was good enough, he'd get his payment later. That's how things were done in the Old West when a man's word was good.

DANCES helped frontier communities keep their continuity and identity even though such communities were spread over many miles. But the dance form the settler brought with him underwent a tremendous change. The development from folk dancing or the various forms of ballroom dancing to the free-spirited western square-dancing took place rapidly on the frontier.

Square dance got its basic form from the New England or early American quadrille. There are four couples that form a square. Quadrille call books existed, leading experts to conclude that these dances had calls and a promptor. But the music, calls, and movements were fixed and performed the same way every time. The western settlers had no way to receive the dance training required to do the quadrille. But the quadrille gave them a framework from which to build a form to suit them.

Appalachia and the South had their Running Set, which contributed many





Old fiddler is the title of this photo. A single fiddler commonly supplied the music at frontier dances.

moves to the western square dance. The dancers circled and moved in a follow-the-leader fashion and continually made patterns much as modern square dancers do now. Any western square dancer could do these moves with a minimum of explanation, and off they'd go whooping and hollering and hilariously joining in the moves.

These two forces joined, getting the square from New England and the steps and patterns from the South. Instead of following the leader, they followed the caller.

Each culture brought in a folk dance tradition. The freed slave brought an African influence. The Mexicans had their own dance or *baile* tradition.

In addition to their folk dances, European groups also contributed a new dance to the West: The polka. From this, variations were created such as the "two step" and the Schottische. These are similar to what modern square dancers call round dances. But the vivacity of the polka lent spontaneity to the developing square dance.

In the middle of all this dancing is the caller. A good caller was a natural leader, even a bit of a show-off. But he was sensitive to the diversity of the crowd. He organized the dances into a fun activity. In addition to that important purpose, he had a sense of what was humorous and provided his own form of entertainment. So what could have been a chaotic and frustrating mess became a satisfying show and dance.

No wonder callers enjoyed the respect they did. Historian Ramon F. Adams reports that the caller was "as important as a pup with a new collar." Callers can even be considered a western bard, carrying on oral literary tradition for generations. If he forgot a line, he made up his own for the sake of keeping the dance alive.

But crucial to the dances were the energy, the enthusiasm, and the individuality of the westerner. And the cowboy really gave western square dancing its spark of life. His independence, which drove him from more civilized society, epitomizes the western spirit. Conventionality held no magic for him so he adapted the established ways to fit his own lifestyle. He lived hard, relaxed infrequently and danced vigorously. His contagious enthusiasm encouraged the development of a truly American dance.

Above: The porch of the Golden Nugget, a hotel-saloon built for John Wayne's "Rio Bravo!" (1958) and later used in "El Dorado." Across the street are buildings used in films such as "The Long Ride Home," "Death Wish" and "Rio Lobo." Right: Old Tucson stuntmen stage daily fist- and gunfights in front of the Wells Fargo office and reenact Tucson history.

Photos and Story By
FRANK L. LAMBRECHT

A PHOTO TOUR THROUGH

OLD TUCSON

"ONE hundred years and twelve miles away" reads a slogan to advertise "Old Tucson." Since Old Tucson's creation for the 1939 Columbia Pictures epic motion picture "Arizona," more than a hundred films and even more television shows and commercials have used this 1860s backdrop.

Famous among the film stars who walked the hot streets are John Wayne, Frank Sinatra, Kirk Douglas, Angie Dickinson, Lee Marvin, Robert Michum and many others. Best known among the television series regularly shot at Old Tucson is "Little House on the Prairie."

But most of the time, Old Tucson, also called "The Hollywood of the Desert," is visited by thousands of tourists who enjoy walking and viewing the typical frontier town "as it was." They also like the adventure of riding an authentic stagecoach, taking a tour on a narrow gauge railroad train, having a beer in the Old West Saloon or watching the daily gun and fist fights.

The atmosphere of Old Tucson is all motion and sound, suggestive of the old frontier town, the hang-out of "reckless, rootless and ruthless" but flamboyant personalities.

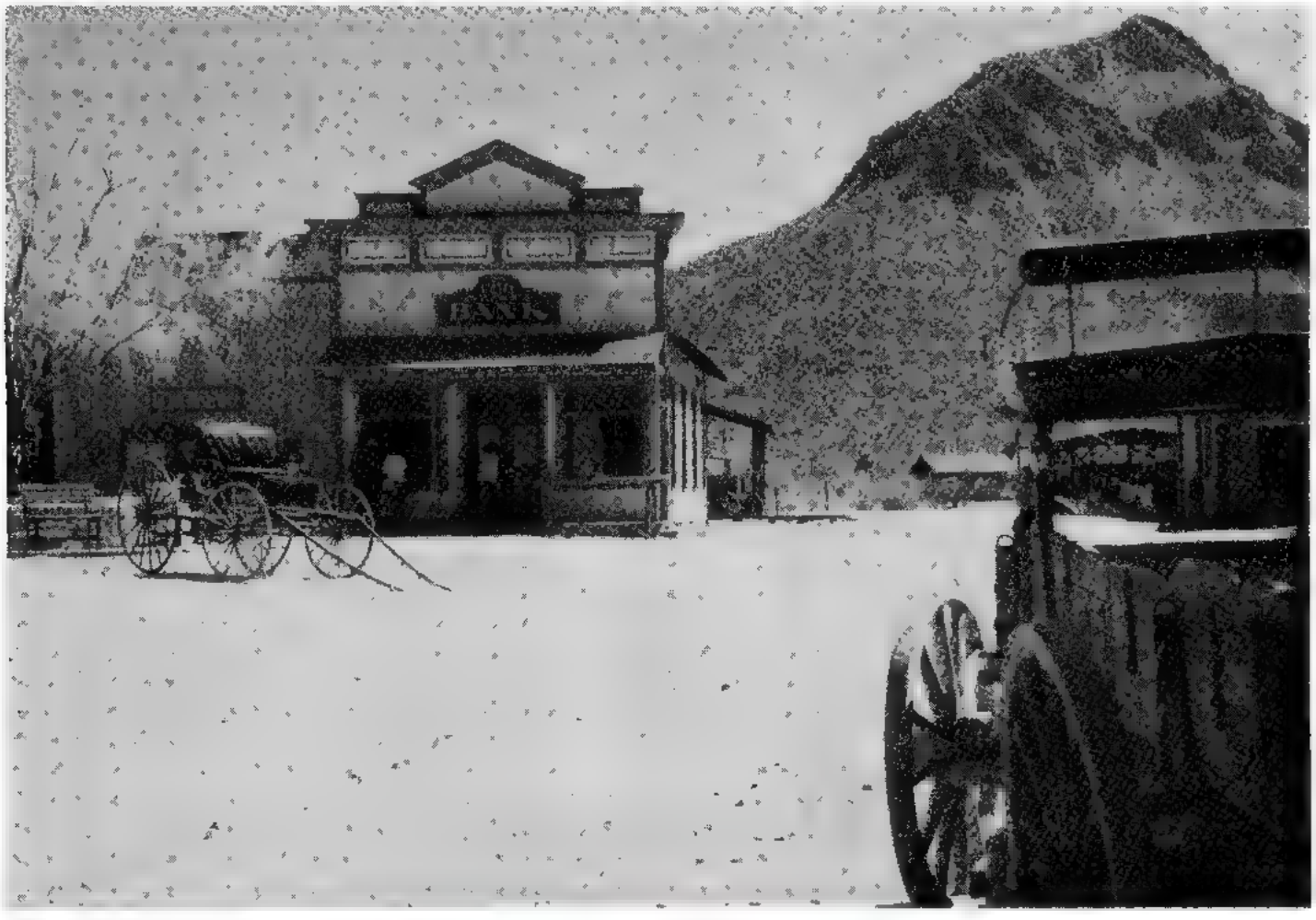
But if you visit Old Tucson early in the morning during the "off season," you'll find dark alleys, empty boardwalks, abandoned railway stops, a motionless stagecoach, the silent train engine. All this brings back memories of that other classic film, "High Noon."

It is this impression that photographer Frank L. Lambrecht tried to capture in this series of black and white prints.

Left: The Mission and the Mexican Plaza here are some of the most filmed areas in motion pictures. Above: Old Tucson stuntmen practice regularly to improve technique or invent new shows.

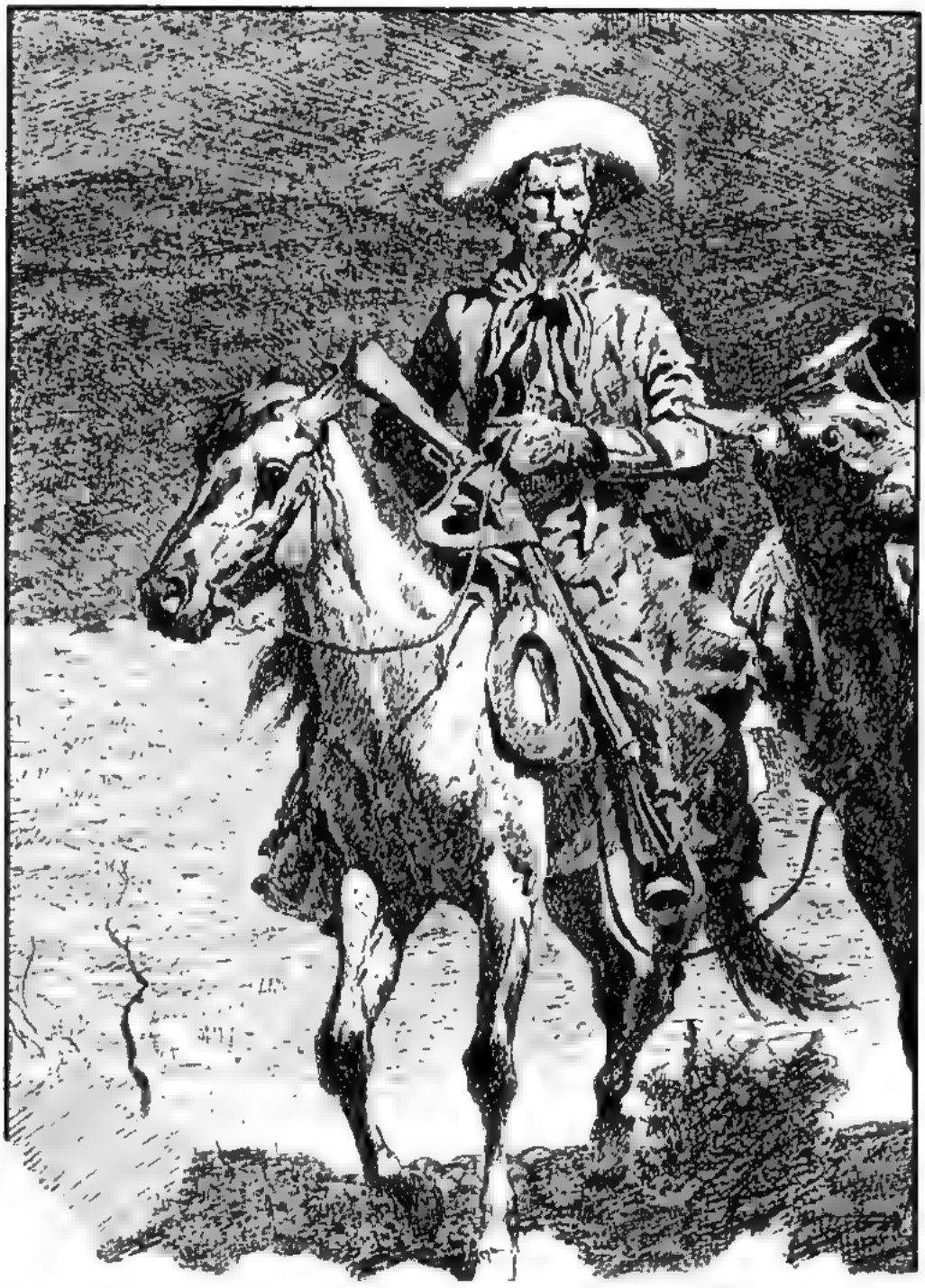
A PHOTO TOUR THROUGH OLD TUCSON

Right: More stuntmen practicing gunfighting in Old Tucson. Below: The Valley National Bank saw a holdup in the movie "Joe Kidd" (1971). The building also features in cereal commercials and in the TV series "Little House on the Prairie."



Above: The Arcades is one of the typical adobe buildings lining Front Street, Old Tucson's main thoroughfare. Left: Although most buildings are faithful replicas of Tucson 100 years ago, this schoolhouse on the outskirts of town was built only when needed for films such as "Gunfight at OK Corral" and "Joe Kidd."

OLD TUCSON

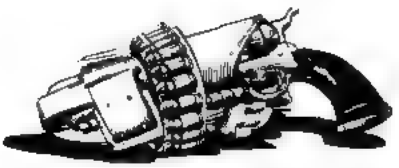


Cowboy Shootin' Irons

Story by KONRAD F. SCHREIER JR. — Photos Supplied by Author

Repeated pistol-in-holster illustration by E. L. Roedstrom

The Romance of the Cowboy is Not Complete Without His Guns



THE romance of the cowboy is not complete without including his horse, his clothes and his shootin' iron. These are prominent features of every western movie ever made.

But in reality, while the cowboy had a lot to do with horses and he couldn't get anywhere improperly dressed, he had little to do with guns. He was not the straight-shooter movies and pulp westerns make him to be.

To be sure, some cowboys were very good shots. But most cowboys were not and didn't need to be. Most were too busy herding cows to do much shooting. In some sections of the country from the end of the Civil War to about 1900, cowboys usually went armed, particularly in the Southwest and on trail drives from Texas up to Kansas.

But in the Pacific Northwest and on the vast ranges of Canada, cowboys seldom were armed. Cowboys in eastern Montana, influenced greatly by the Texas cowboys who arrived with the big herds, wore guns. But in western Montana guns were used for hunting, or, rarely, enforcing the law.

Only during times of trouble were cowboys armed in eastern Oregon and Washington. But because of the greater danger from Indians and the continual strife on the ranges, the cowboys of Arizona, New Mexico and Texas were noted for their armament.

A cowboy had a lot to buy with his dollar-a-day salary: Clothes from hat to boots; horse equipment, and some sort of shootin' iron. This equipment could set a cowhand back a year's wages so they were careful how they spent their hard-earned dollars.

When ranching boomed after the Civil War many cowboys came out of the war and brought their "retired" military arms with them.

Most had a cap and ball belt revolver, either an Army 44 or a Navy 36. A man

136 & 138 WOOD STREET, PITTSBURGH, PA. 28

Winchester Repeating Fire Arms.

Model 1866.

Which is made with gun metal mountings, uses rim fire cartridges, 44 calibre, with 28 grains of powder and 200 grains lead; these are made only with plain triggers.

Sporting Rifles,	Octagon Barrels,	24 inch,		$23 00
" "	Round "	24 "		22 00
Infantry Musket,	" "	27 "		22 00
Carbines,	" "	20 "		20 00

Model 1873.

Is made with wrought iron mountings, uses a central fire cartridge 44 calibre, with 40 grains powder, 200 grains of lead; can be furnished with either plain or set triggers.

Sporting Rifle,	Octagon Barrel,	24 inch,	$27 00
" "	Half Octagon Barrel,	24 inch,	27 00
" "	Round Barrel,	24 inch,	25 00
Infantry Musket,	" "	30 inch,	26 00
Carbine,	" "	20 inch,	24 00
Set Triggers, cost extra,			5 00

Model 1876.

OR CENTENNIAL.

Is finished same as Model 1873, with wrought iron mountings, uses a cartridge 45 cal., 70 grains powder and 350 grains of lead, corresponding with the charge of powder used in the United States Government Rifle.

Sporting Rifle,	Octagon Barrel,	28 in.	$35 00
" "	Half Octagon Bar'l,	28 in.	35 00
" "	Round Barrel,	28 in.	32 00
Infantry Musket	" "	32 in.	30 00
Carbine,	" "	22 in.	27 00
Set Triggers, cost extra,			5 00

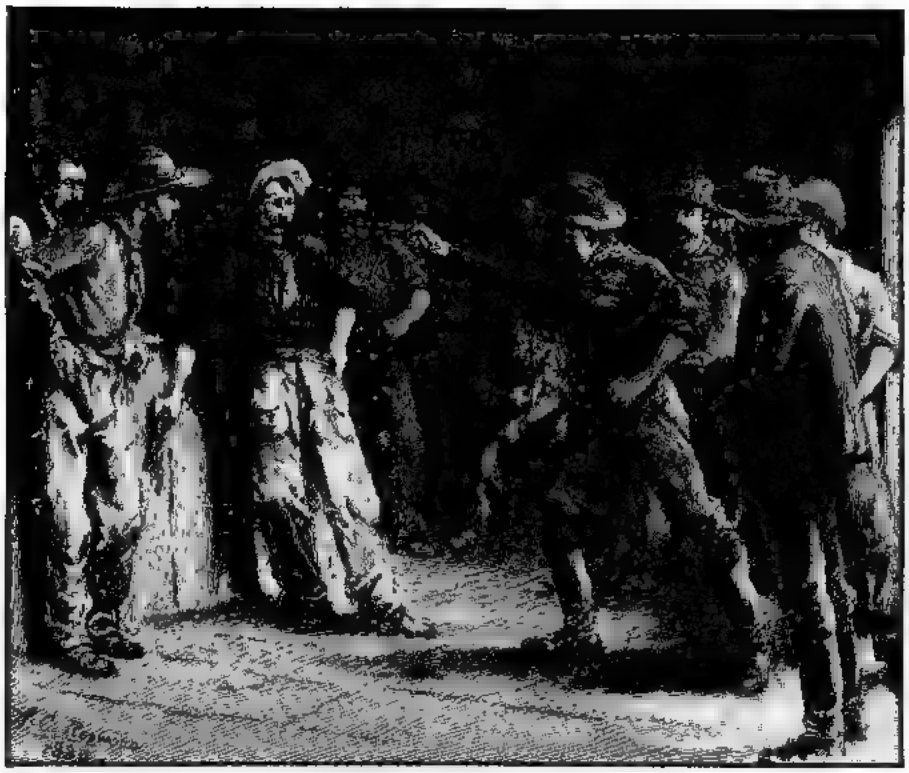
The above prices are with PLAIN FINISH, AND WITHOUT ANY EXTRAS.

The length mentioned is the standard length of each kind, and is recommended as giving the best results with the cartridges used. Any desired length, will, however, be furnished, at the rate of $1 00 per inch above the standard.

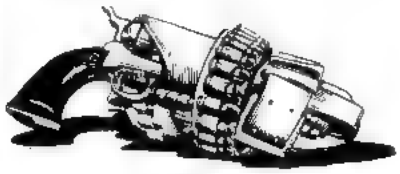
The weight of the gun may be increased from 1 to 2 pounds by the use of heavier barrel at the extra cost of $5 00.

With Pistol Grip, Vernier and Wind Gauge Sights, extr. $30.

Cowboy Shootin' Irons



"Put up your gun" is the title of this 1883 engraving. There was so much trouble with guns in early cowtowns, laws were passed requiring guns to be checked. And they were enforced!



who didn't have a cap and ball could buy it for five bucks or so complete with an army hoster, belt, cartridge box and a few packets of combustible cartridges with caps.

Many cowboys also had a long gun and these could be any make. They liked best the cavalry carbine, either the combustible cartridge breech-loading Sharps or the repeating Spencer which fired rim-fire metallic cartridges.

A few cowboys used an army cavalry sling and boot to pack their carbines on horseback but most used a leather loop on the carbine's sling ring to tie the gun on their saddles.

A man who hadn't brought a carbine home from the army could buy one for 20 or 30 bucks. Some cowboys didn't own a carbine because they couldn't afford one from their slim pay.

In the 1870s, cowboys began using the metallic cartridge breech-loaders which were produced near the end of the Civil War. At first they cost more than cowhands could afford. But in the 1870s, prices began to drop.

Like most westerners, cowboys settled on powerful long-barreled belt revolvers in 44 of 45 center-fire caliber as the best. In the 1870s, many of them used cap and ball army revolvers converted to fire metallic cartridges. They preferred Colts or Remingtons which

CARTRIDGE BELTS, WITH LOOPS.

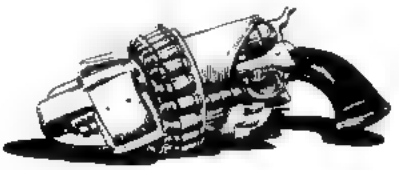
No.		Per Doz
6	Cartridge Belts, Leather, large nickel buckle, 1¾ inches wide 38 to 50 calibre	$8 34
7	Cartridge Belts, Leather, large nickel buckle, 2 inches wide, 38 to 50 calibre	10 00
8	Cartridge Belts, Leather, large nickel buckle, 2¼ inches wide 38 to 50 calibre	11 67
9	Cartridge Belts, Leather, large nickel buckle, 2½ inches wide, 38 to 50 calibre	13 34
10	Cartridge Belts, Leather, large nickel buckle 2¾ inches wide, 38 to 50 calibre	14 87
11	Cartridge Belts, Leather, large nickel buckle, 3 inches wide 38 to 50 calibre	16 67
	Embossing, extra, on above	1 00

CARTRIDGE BELT.

These are typical loop cartridge belts from mail order catalogs of the 1880s and 1890s. They were priced by the dozen and cost just a dollar or so each.

COWBOY OFF FOR THE RANGE.

ABOVE: This 1885 engraving was made from a photograph of a cowboy probably taken in Wyoming. Note his 7½-inch barrel belt revolver in an open-top holster worn high at the waist. Also note he has no long gun on his saddle. AT LEFT: Detail of a Frederic Remington illustration showing a cowboy in the 1880s. Note the man is wearing an army-style cartridge belt of the 1870s and a primitive open top and bottom holster called a "pistol scabbard" seldom seen after 1880.



Cowboy Shootin' Irons

could be had for around ten dollars. Ammunition was about a dollar for a box of fifty.

COWBOYS began using pistol rigs better suited to them than the old army equipment in the 1870s. They picked up the belts with loops to hold cartridges first used by the army. Westerners abandoned the army hoster with a flap and adopted a new style with an open top.

Cowboys wore their pistol belts high around their waists since this is the only practical or comfortable way riding horseback. Pistol belts were made long so they could buckle over winter clothing. When light clothing was worn they could buckle them loosely so the holster would hang low for a quick draw.

While cowboys used Spencer carbines and the old Sharps converted to fire metallic cartridges, in the 1870s the lever action Winchester became their favorite.

A Winchester carbine about 20 inches long or "brush rifle" with a 24- or 26-inch barrel were just about perfect for a cowboy on horseback.

A few liked the old model '66 in 44 Henry rim-fire caliber but most preferred the model '73 in 44-40 Winchester center fire.

In the '70s, Winchesters cost around thirty bucks, but a lot of cowboys belived it was worth the effort to come up with the price.

WHEN it came to packing a carbine or brush rifle on horseback, cowboys invented a new way in the 1870s. The gun fit in a leather pocket slung over the saddle horn so it held the gun across the pommel.

The Mexican or loop belt holster which got its start in Texas in the 1870s became popular with westerners, including cowboys, around 1880. A Mexican holster is made from a single piece of good leather and it wears better than any other style. The Mexican holster isn't as popular as it once was but it is still made and used.

About 1880 the prices of Colt's single action Army 45 and 44-40 Frontier six-shooter dropped to less than $15. Most cowboys could afford that. The rugged Colt single action became the favorite belt revolver of all westerners including cowboys and the lever action Winchester was the favored long gun.

Some cowboys used a 44-40 Winchester '73 and a 44-40 Colt Frontier six-shooter. This let them carry one size of

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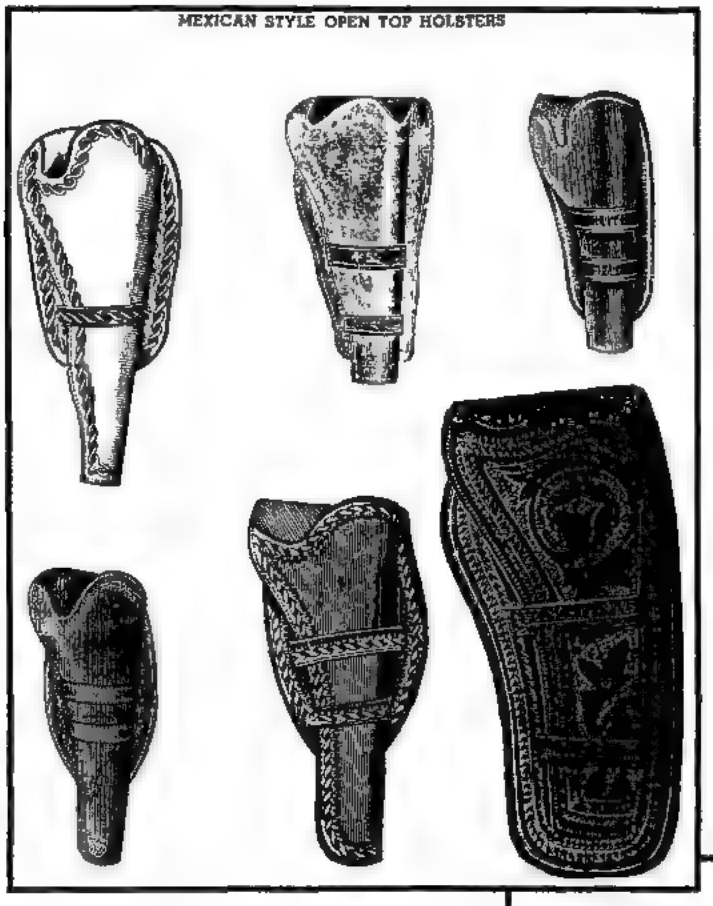
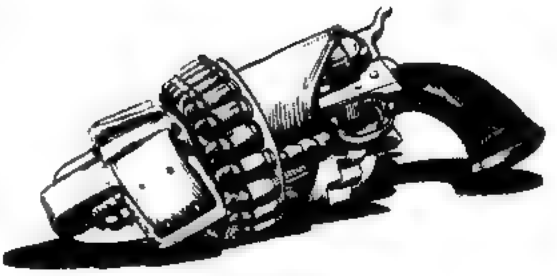
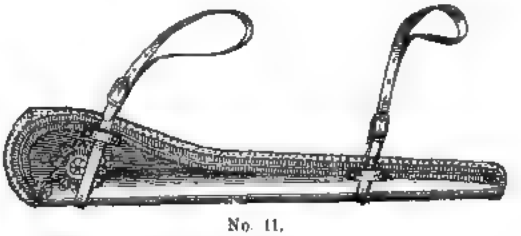




Cowboy Shootin' Irons

Illustrations above appeared in 1880s and 1890s mail order catalogs. The earliest ads appeared in mid-1880s when both one- and two-loop styles were common. These holsters cost less than a dollar for a plain one to two dollars for a top-quality job lined with glove leather. At right, these saddle rifle and carbine scabbards were shown in a mail order catalog in the 1890s and are of a style sold in the West. The prices are per dozen, but each retailed for less than two dollars.

RIFLE AND CARBINE SHEATHS.



No. 11.

SADDLE SCABBARD.

No.		Per Doz.
11	Rifle Scabbard, Russet leather, with slings, embossed	$21 67
18	Carbine " " " " "	22 67

cartridges which fit both. A handy arrangement for a man who has to carry everything he needs on his horse.

THERE is little evidence that cowboys carried shotguns. When a cowboy wanted a shotgun for hunting or rougher work, he could borrow one from the arms his ranch kept. He could get a free supply of shells to go with it.

Along with a shotgun ranches kept a few rifles for everybody's use when the need arose. When a cowboy borrowed one it came with the ammunition.

When a cowboy had to go after a nasty stock killer like a grizzly bear, mountain lion or timber wolf he could use one of his ranch's heavy caliber rifles. The army 45-70 Springfield trapdoor was a favorite for this kind of work. Very few cowboys owned these or any heavy caliber rifle.

There is one last piece of gear needed to complete the cowboy shootin' iron outfit, the saddle scabbard for long guns. The U.S. Cavalry began experimenting with this useful piece of gear in the 1880s and it didn't take cowboys long to pick it up. By the 1890s it was about the only way cowboys packed carbines or brush rifles on their saddles.

In the 1860s and 1870s cowboys had to go armed most of the time. They had to contend with marauding Indians, wild animals (particularly grizzly bears, wolves and mountain lions) and with cattle and horse thieves and other hard cases. About the only law in ranch country from 1865 to 1880 were the cowboys themselves.

Around ranch headquarters no cowboy packed a gun unless trouble was expected. Anybody who ever toted a 44 or 45 belt revolver with its holster and belt with twenty or thirty cartridges knows why. The rig weighs five or so pounds and hanging around the waist it can get mighty tiresome.

Around most ranch headquarters there were rifles, carbines and sometimes a shotgun, with supplies of ammunition cached in strategic places. A ranch where the hands were wearing revolvers was a sure sign there was trouble afoot.

Cowboys usually worked on the range in pairs, and there they were usually armed. Just how well they were armed depended on how rough things were in the locality. If they figured they might run into trouble any time they would have their revolvers belted on. They carried their carbines or brush rifles in one hand balanced across their saddle pommel. When they faced serious trouble, cowboys and other westerners preferred a good rifle, brush rifle or carbine to any handgun because the long guns shot farther and hit harder.

COLT'S NEW CENTRAL FIRE REVOLVER.

44 CALIBRE.

Weight, 2 pounds 11 ounces; weight of ball, 140 grains, or 83 to the pound.

8-inch Steel Barrel Extractor

Rifled six-shooter, uses 44-100 central fire cartridges, has automatic shell extractor on side; can be loaded and unloaded without removing cylinder. Oiled walnut handle, plated guard and strap.

The cheapest large cartridge Revolver in the market, and as good as the best. This cut is half size.

PRICE.

PLAIN BLUE,	$12.00
FULL NICKEL-PLATED,	13.00
CARTRIDGES, per 100,	1.80

COLT'S FRONTIER REVOLVER.

Solid frame, using Winchester 44-100 Calibre Central Fire Cartridge. *Price, $15.00.* This is one of the best Revolvers in the market for a frontiersman, for the same cartridges he uses in the Winchester Rifle, model of 1873, is used in this ... Send for Catalogue and Price List to JAMES BOWN & SONS, 130 & 132 Wood Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

AS ranch country was settled and became more civilized, the need for packing guns became less and less necessary. Cowboys took to hanging their revolver belts someplace handy on their saddles instead of wearing them and by the 1890s, many were packing guns in their saddle bags most of the time.

By the time the rifle saddle scabbard had become common in the 1890s, it was used as much to store the long gun in the bunkhouse or on the outfit wagon as it was to pack it on the saddle.

Working stock on horseback is a rough job for both man and horse. No cowboy would carry any gear, including his long gun or belt revolver, unless he figured there would be a good chance he'd need it.

Cowboys working stock in remote areas would pack or wear a revolver and even today it isn't unusual to run across them doing it. A heavy belt revolver is a handy tool for the rugged job of working range cattle.

Wild mavericks will attack a man mounted or not and it may take a shot in the air to turn the beast. Extremely hard cases have to be shot in their tracks, especially if they are leading a bunch on a stampede.

And out on the range there often isn't any way to doctor a sick or badly injured horse or cow. The only humane thing to do is to shoot the poor beast.

If a cowboy forgot to pack a hammer — a tool which, like a good sheath knife, they usually carried — the butt end of a revolver would serve. Revolver butts would be used to drive loose horseshoe nails or fence staples. A revolver butt has been used to grind coffee in the camp frying pan.

When ranch hands went to town, something they didn't do often, their guns could be a real liability. In the 1860s and 1870s, many western towns were dangerous places so guns were packed. The consequences were often unpleasant and by the 1870s most towns enforced laws against packing guns.

By the end of the 1890s, cowboys' shootin' irons and the way they carried them were well established. This manner of cowboy shootin' gear soon became legend, fostered by movies, cheap novels and magazines.

Rifle and pistol shooting contests were a common sport in many western towns. There were Thanksgiving and Christmas turkey shoots and contests for cash prizes on holidays like the Fourth of July. A cowboy who entered these contests was usually the best shot from an outfit and he was backed by his pards. It cost money to enter so cowboys backed their best chance to win.

Fast and fancy shooting has always been a feature of wild west shows, fairs and the like. However, it's a fact that neither revolver or rifle shooting has ever been a part of the great contest of cowboy skills — the rodeo.

The reason is that, when all is said and done, cowboys didn't get enough practice shooting to become very good. Gun shots would panic a herd into a stampede and this made working them impossible. So cowboys didn't use their guns unless they had to and that wasn't often.

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This engraving shows fun and frolic in the "big tent" at Benton, Wyoming Territory.

Courtesy American Heritage Center

THE WICKEDEST TOWNS IN WYOMING

By RICHARD PATTERSON

Reprinted from his book,
Wyoming's Outlaw Days
With permission from
Johnson Books
1880 South 57th Court
Boulder, CO 80301

AS with much of the frontier, lawlessness came to Wyoming hand in hand with the railroad. Until survey crews began laying a route for the Union Pacific, there were few settlements in the territory; a half-dozen military forts, an assortment of stage stops, and a few clusters of homesteaders who built close together for protection from marauding Indians.

But with the coming of rails in the 1860s, a ribbon of "hell-on-wheels" towns sprang up across the southern half of the territory. The first was Cheyenne and the last was Evanston. Both survived, as did a dozen in between, mostly because they were chosen officially by the Union Pacific for inhabitation. Another dozen thrived for a while and then died, victims of the rails moving on.

For the short time they lived, these towns roared. The railroad filled men's pockets at quitting time, and the towns emptied them that night. Wherever the railroad paused, the tents and shacks would go up — mostly saloons and bed-down cribs — available for an hour or a night. If the settlement showed promise, peddler's wagons became general stores, bed-downs became boarding houses, and lawyers who never saw a law school hung out hastily painted land office signs. If the settlement showed real promise, a few dwellings were started, and maybe a meeting house was built.

Law and order was always slow in arriving at these hamlets, and when it did, it seldom caught up with a town already gone wild. A settlement might boast of a mayor or a sheriff, but these offices were often taken only for the graft that came with them. When justice was meted out, it was usually unofficial and came in the dead of night, courtesy of a few hardy citizens.

LOCATED at the beginning of the rails, the town of Cheyenne suffered first at the hands of the outlaw element. But, to its advantage, the town was a division point for the railroad and thus prospered and grew rapidly. Also, unlike many of its sister settlements that would follow, Cheyenne was blessed early with an honest and courageous sheriff, Thomas Jefferson Carr.

Carr was elected in the fall of 1870 and wasted no time in cleaning up the town. The worst troublemaker at the time was the notorious Charlie Stanley, who ran a bawdy house in the Golden Gate district on Ferguson Street, which served as a "Robber's Roost" for local muggers and thieves. The sheriff and two deputies confronted Stanley on Ferguson Street, arrested him on an assortment of charges, and began to march him off to jail. But Carr, new on

the job, had not done his homework. Stanley always carried a Derringer hidden in an inside pocket. Carr knew nothing of this, and Charlie promptly whipped out the gun and shot the sheriff in the ear. Carr, with blood spurting everywhere, wrenched the pistol away from his prisoner and slammed him up the side of the head with it. Now it was Charlie's turn to bleed. The blow served to clear Charlie's thinking, and he saw that he had little chance of escaping alive. He shrugged and with no more trouble allowed himself to be led to the lock-up.

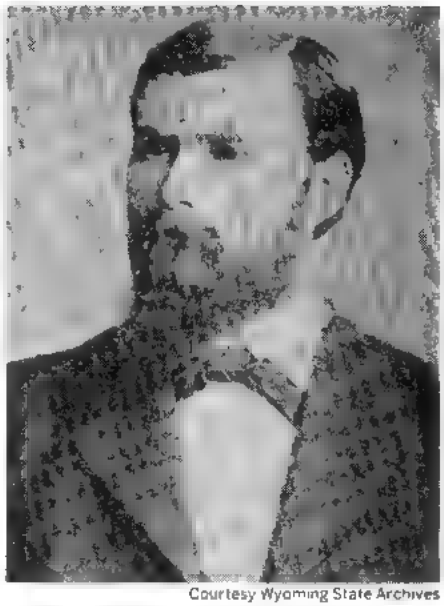
The following month Sheriff Carr presided over the first legal execution of Wyoming Territory, the hanging of an "Indian half-breed" named John Boyer who had been convicted of killing two men at a roadhouse outside of town. Carr let it be known that the hanging was his official announcement that Cheyenne was a town outlaws had better avoid.

A favorite hideout for outlaws who preyed upon Cheyenne in the sixties was a ratty little encampment west of town that had sprung up during the building of the Union Pacific's magnificent Dale Creek Bridge. Work on the bridge, a wonder of its day because of its thousands of wooden girders, had hardly begun when mud-roofed shacks began sprouting up along the creek bed below. First used by construction workers and their families and then by a parade of camp followers, the settlement gradually became infested with riffraff from Cheyenne until, by the time the bridge was completed and the workers had left, few persons of orderly character could be found among the inhabitants.

In the sixties, prior to Sheriff Carr's arrival on the scene, what little law enforcement there was in Cheyenne was administered outside the law by vigilante groups. When word got around about the crowd out in Dale Creek, this was the first place the vigilantes headed with their ropes. After a few midnight lynchings, the Dale Creek rowdies got the message and moved on.

THE next town of any consequence on the line was Laramie, and most of the Dale Creek scum settled there. Their antics soon became too much for Laramie's new mayor, lawyer M.C. Brown, and after only two months in office he threw up his hands and for all purposes turned the town over to the "robbers and garrotters." But the outlaw element's rule in Laramie was short-lived. Taking a tip from Cheyenne residents, Laramie's town fathers quickly formed vigilante committees and declared war on all miscreants.

Once in operation, the Laramie vigilantes surprised even themselves with their effectiveness. Not satisfied with cleaning up just within their own city limits, they roamed up and down the line, giving notice to lawbreakers that merely moving on to the next town would not prove safe. As a result, the worst of the outlaw crowd leap-frogged the next half-dozen or so stops and



Courtesy Wyoming State Archives

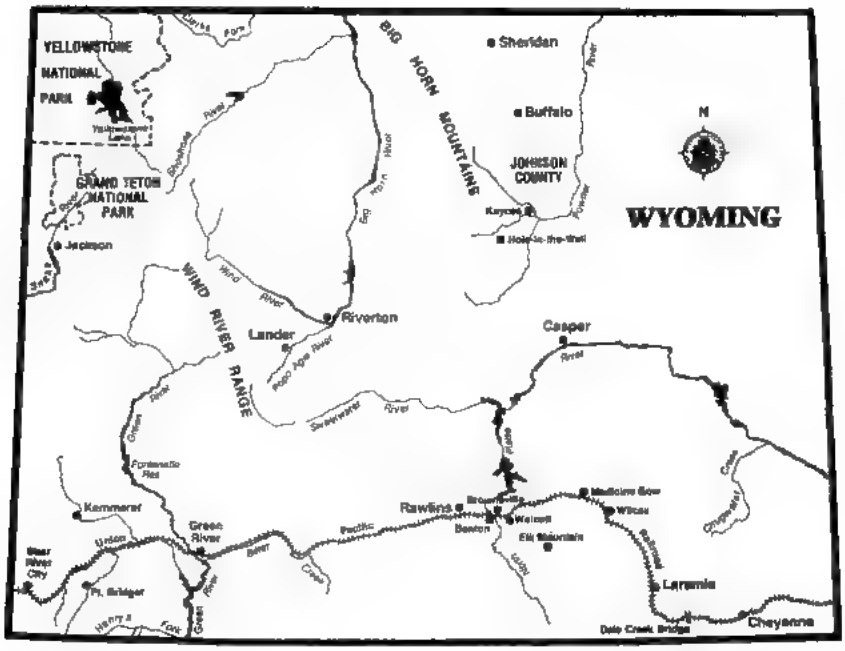
Thomas Jefferson Carr, 1876

came to rest in Brownsville, near the construction site of the Platte River bridge between Walcott and Rawlins.

Nourished by the thirsty bridge builders, the town of Brownsville blossomed quickly. Soon it could boast of a lawless element that rivaled the likes of the raunchy hell-holes of the Texas border country. With only token law enforcement and uninspired vigilante activity, Brownsville could easily have become Wyoming's prime example of the West gone wild. But its star faded abruptly; once the Platte River was spanned, the bridge builders moved on and took with them the reason for a town. The railroad had no interest in

Courtesy Wyoming State Archives

A view of wild and wooly Sixteenth Street in Cheyenne, Wyoming, in 1867.



Brownsville, not even to the extent of a depot. Tents came down and shacks were dismantled, and the wood was thrown aboard wagons for the trip to the next settlement.

THE next stop was Benton, just four miles down the line. This hamlet had even less to offer the railroad than Brownsville, and its lifetime was equally as short. But while it flourished, some say it was even more turbulent than its neighbor up the tracks. In the summer of 1868, the Cheyenne Leader, commenting on Benton, reported that "there is more whiskey walking around in that community than any other of the same size in the world."

And, according to Pence and Homsher's chronicle of Wyoming's bygone towns, "it was a rendezvous for outlaws, a hole-up for killers, a hurdy-gurdy for the madams. And for over one hundred who came to Benton, life ended without benefit of marker in the boot-hill." Not bad for a town that lasted just one summer and fall.

As towns like Brownsville and Benton flowered and faded, the outlaw element continued westward, picking up momentum as it went and descending en masse on whatever community the Union Pacific selected as its terminus for the winter of 1868-69. As October approached, it appeared that end-of-track would be somewhere just short of the Utah line, near Gilmer, a quaint log hamlet nestled quietly on the bank of the Sulphur Creek in the vine-covered valley of the Bear River.

Rumors ran up and down the railroad, but on October 13 speculation suddenly came to an end. Newspaper publisher Legh Freeman, in his track-following Frontier Index, ran this ad: "Wanted quick. Three good strong wagons and teams to transport the Frontier Index to Gilmer in Bear River Valley. Broad and high wagons and good strong sheets required."

The rush to the Bear River Valley defies description. By the time Freeman found his wagons and loaded up his press and type case, the town of Gilmer, now renamed Bear River City, was sprouting close to 2,000 inhabitants: an assortment of fast-buck merchants, whiskey peddlers, land speculators, bunko artists, tinhorn gamblers, powdery prostitutes, general roughnecks, and a couple hundred honest citizens. What a few months earlier had been a quiet cluster of a half-dozen log and mud dwellings was now a twenty-four hour town of tents and storefronts, bulging with the means to quench nearly every popular form of greed, lust, or thirst.

ALTHOUGH Freeman himself was a camp follower, he was all for decent communities along the U.P. tracks, so when Bear River City's criminal element began to show the upper hand, he used his newspaper to attack them fiercely. In early November he warned: "The gang of garroters who were recently driven away from some of our lower railroad towns are...congregating in our midst (and) had better to slow or they will find the place too hot for this location." His warning went unheeded, and soon no peaceful Bear River City resident could safely walk the streets after dark.

Probably at Freeman's urging, a vigilante committee was formed. Its first targets were three wild-eyed toughs from Montana who specialized in assaulting and robbing saloon customers. Justice was swift and sure. The scene was described by a local merchant, Alex Topence, who later chronicled the town's short history. "I got up one morning at my camp near the railroad track, and noticed something hanging near the railroad track, and I walked down to see what it was. It was those three fellows whom I knew had been banished from Montana in 1864. A tag was pinned to their coats, 'warning to the road agents.'"

But the vigilantes' choice of victims was unfortunate. One of the lynched cowboys had a brother working with the railroad construction gang camped at the edge of town. He stirred up some of the rough members of the outfit, and they stormed the town seeking revenge. They stopped off at one of the numerous Main Street saloons, however, and by the time they were ready to cause real trouble, they were too unsteady to accomplish much. A group of vigilantes quickly disarmed them and marched them off to jail.

With three of their comrades lynched and another handful sitting in jail, the crowd in the construction camp began to ferment. Generously fortified with whiskey and well-armed with rifles, pickaxes, and torches, they eventually formed a mob and spilled out of the camp into town. Their first stop was the jail, where they demanded the release of their friends. When the marshal refused, they promptly shot him, turned the prisoners loose, and set fire to the building. As they watched it burn, someone shouted, "Let's go after that damn editor!"

Legh Freeman, who slept in the same tent that housed his printing press, was unaware of the riot, but his neighbor, Alex Topence, heard the mob coming and alerted the editor. As the raging railroaders stormed into the tent from the front, Freeman raced out the back. Leaping on Topence's mule, which his neighbor had wisely saddled and bridled, the editor did not stop until he was safely out of town. On his way, he

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passed the town doctor, Frank Harrison, who later said Freeman was spurring his mule so fast "you could have played checkers on his flying coattail." Finding Freeman gone, the enraged mob smashed his press and set fire to his tent.

The railroaders were now entirely out of hand. The whiskey had worn off and had been replaced with utter madness. The next target was Nuckoll's general store, where a handful of townspeople had fled for safety. Fortified by Nuckoll's supply of guns and ammunition, the men in the group managed to fend off the attackers, preventing them from getting close enough to set the building ablaze.

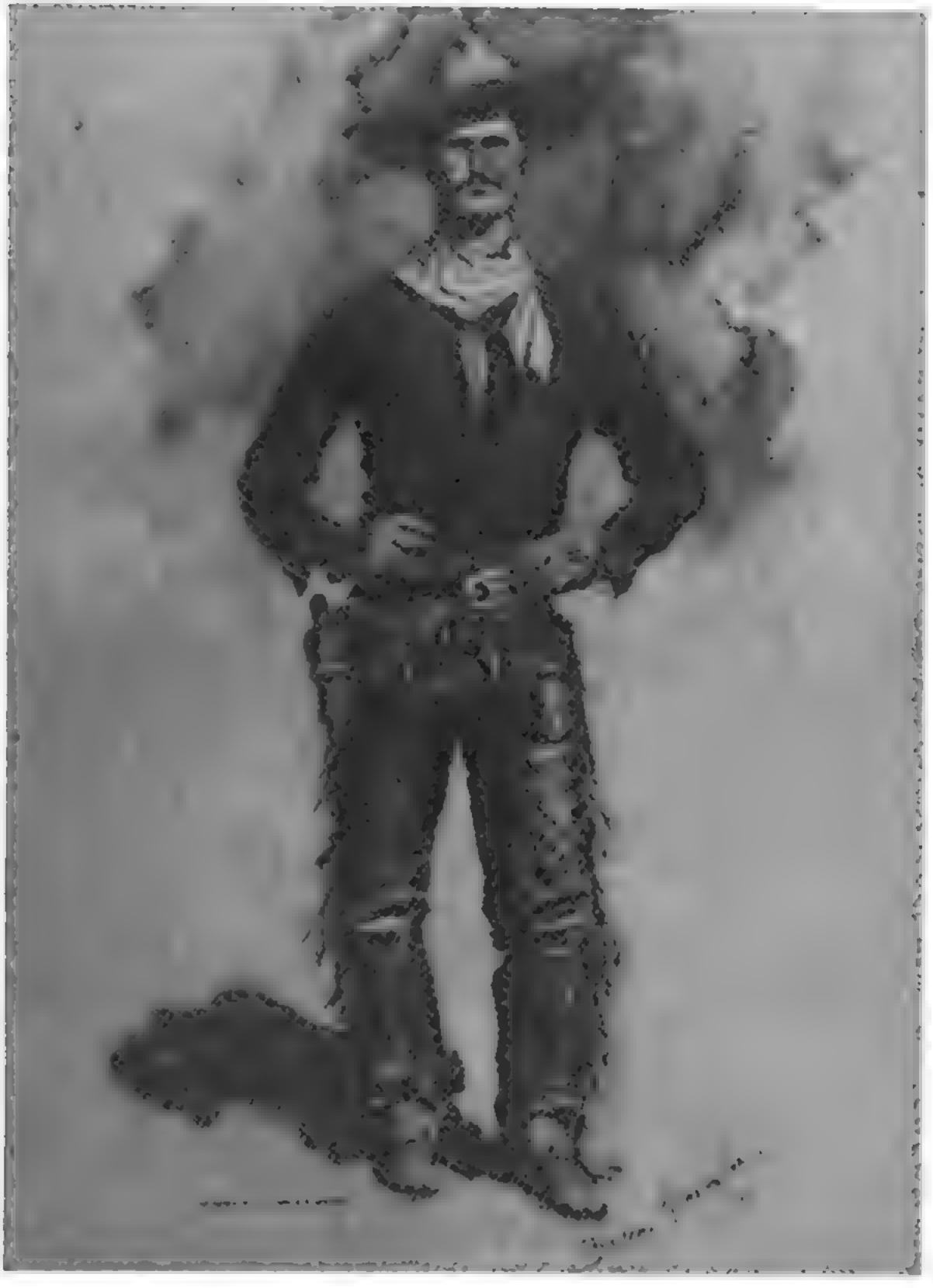
The battle raged throughout the morning. Around noon, the townsmen managed to slip out a messenger to ride to nearby Fort Bridger for help. But by late afternoon, the mob began to tire of the seige and withdrew to the hills that overlooked the city, vowing to return during the night and set fire to the whole town. The townsmen posted guards at the end of the street, but the precaution was unnecessary. Filled with more whiskey, the mob finally slept off its rage. The troops from Fort Bridger arrived the following morning and declared martial law. The riot was over, and the citizens of Bear River City had their town back.

But the damage to the town was done. The Union Pacific wanted nothing to do with a community as obviously unstable as Bear River City. Moreover, a warm spell carried the tracklayers farther than expected, and the town missed out as the winter terminus. The railroad even refused to put a switch on its line at the town, and Bear River City soon died.

In less than a year the railroad had swept through the territory. The new towns that survived fostered early visions of statehood. In October 1869, the Cheyenne Leader was even boosting that city as a natural choice for a new site for the nation's capital, citing its central location, attractive climate and excellent transportation facilities. But despite the railroad, the entire territory still had only 8,104 residents. Wyoming was far from being ready to settle down. Law and order had yet to replace the vigilante's noose. The territory was still young, and Wyoming's violent years had just begun.

TOP PHOTO: Bear River City, the town so wild the Union Pacific wanted nothing to do with it. The railroad even refused to put a switch at it and the town soon died. BOTTOM PHOTO: A Union Pacific passenger train, double-headed, photographed at Dale Creek Bridge in Wyoming, 1885-1901.

CLASSIC COWBOYS



Frederic Remington's idea of the classic American cowboy.

Development of the Cowboy

The American cowboy has developed over more than a hundred years, from the end of the Civil War and trail driving days to the present. Amazingly he looks about the same.

What was the real cowboy like and how did he get that way? There are about as many answers as there were cowboys. Cowboys were, after all, people.

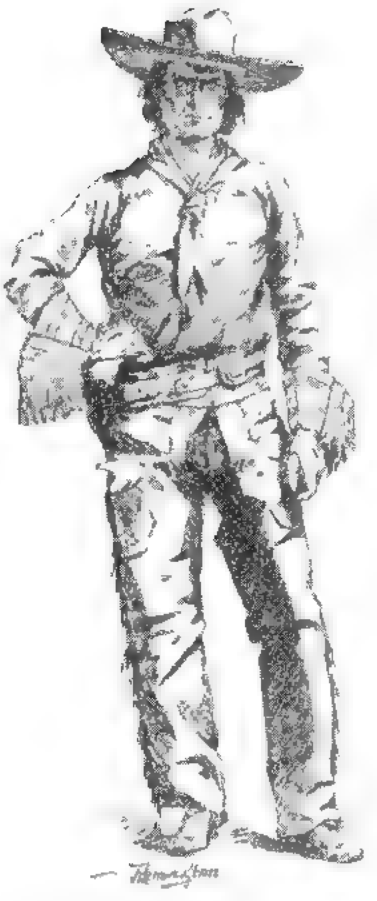
Cowboys were what we think they were. They rode horseback; knew their horses; worked with cows; had a Victorian prudery about women; left their hats on; liked to have fun.

But each had his own individual characteristics. Some liked to "dude it up." Others wore the same old hat, in town and on the range, for years. Some liked their beef raw; others — most others — liked it well cooked. Some were bashful, others boisterous. Some drank to excess; others wouldn't touch a drop.

Cowboys have been so much written about, in books, magazines and newspapers, it might be better to watch the development of the cowboy through art and photographs. Before cameras were much good, the cowboy was captured by many excellent artists.

Charley Russell made a cowboy look as a cowboy should, because Russell was a cowboy. But even though Russell was good, it is the photograph that gives us a real sense of the development of the cowboy. Sure, many of the photos of cowboys were taken in studios and the cowboys were dressed in their Sunday best.

But other photographers like Dane Coolidge and Ray Rector recorded the cowboy in his own habitat. What Coolidge and Rector and others saw was what range life was really like. So here, in a series of photos we view the development of "the hired man on horseback" — the cowboy.



Above, Remington's "A Texan Cowboy." Illustrations by Frederic Remington from the book, The American Cowboy *by Harold McCracken, published by Doubleday and Co. Inc.*

Courtesy Amer can Her tage Center University of Wyoming

Wranglers, New Mexico-style.

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Cowboy above, Thad Sowder, wearing a championship belt, could have been a model for Charley Russell's 1904 painting of a cowboy, at right. Upper right is Frederic Remington's "A Shattered Idol." Cowboys have been a favorite subject of most western artists.

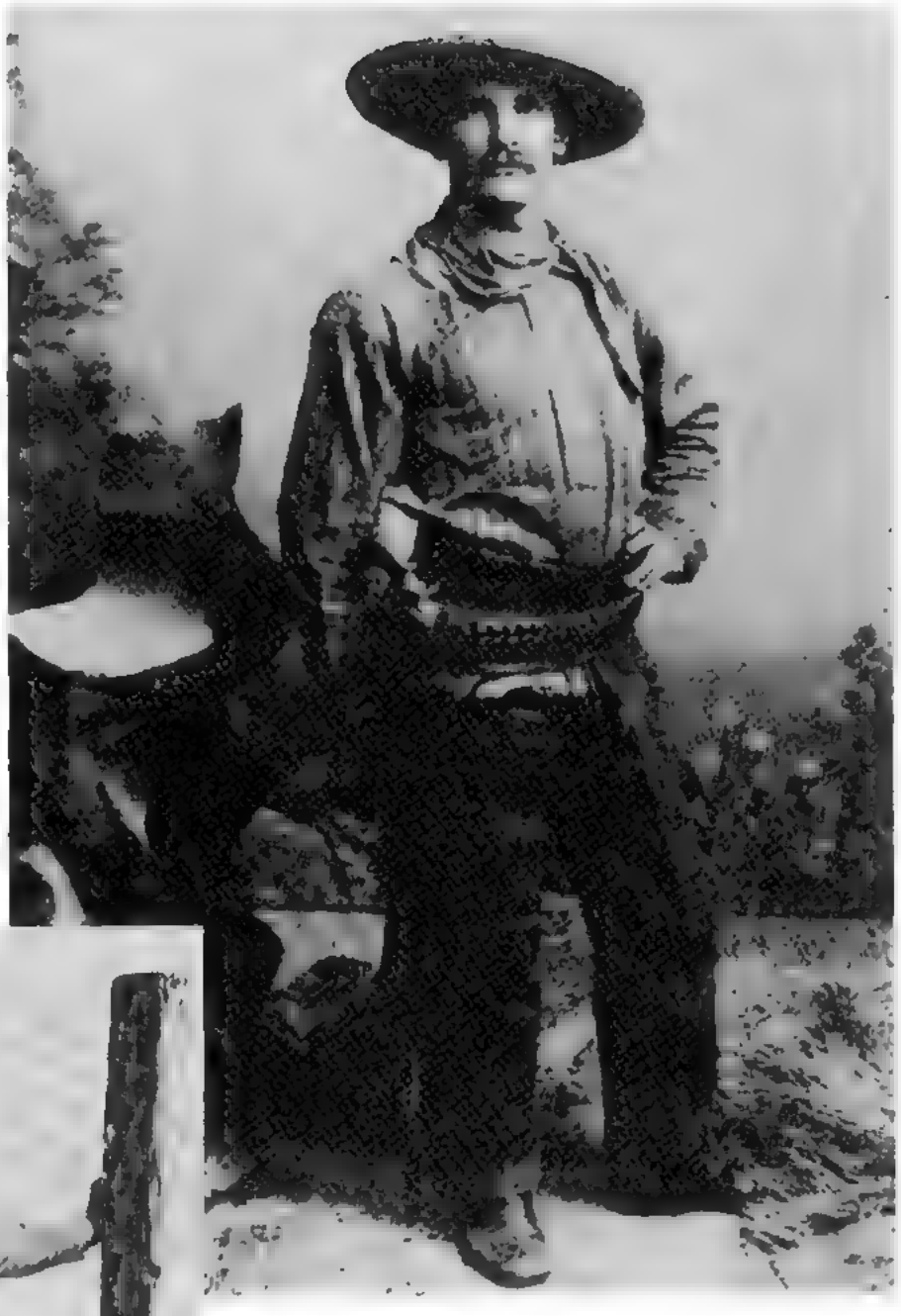
Courtesy Dr. Van Kirke Nelson

Pink Simms, who was a cowboy, drew the old-time cowboy below in 1935. Billy Smith, upper right, a cowboy on the upper Tongue River, Montana, circa 1883-84, sports his town clothes. Lower right is photo of branding at the L. S. Ranch, Tascosa, Texas, 1902.

Courtesy University of Oklahoma Library

Courtesy Levi Strauss & Co

Cowboys yesterday (at right) and today (below) wear about the same clothing and even stand about the same. At right is Will C. Barnes, cowboy, rancher, writer and song-writer. Photo was taken in Prescott, Arizona in 1885. Below is modern cowboy, J. D. Slatton taken near Clovis, New Mexico in 1982.



Photos of cowboy J. D. Slatton on this page and the next were taken on assignment for TRUE WEST by Mike Burns Jr., photographer of Clovis, New Mexico. Burns said J. D. likes to work with cattle and horses and does some rodeoing.

Books

Life and Times of Old Tucson

TUCSON, THE LIFE AND TIMES OF AN AMERICAN CITY. *By C.L. Sonnichsen. Maps by Donald H. Bufkin. University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Ave., Norman, OK 73019. 369 pages. $29.95.*

Tucson is one of the most easily recognized names in the country. Yet until this book, the Arizona city had no published history worthy of the name.

The story is barely different from that of other southwestern communities. First came the Indians, usually the more sedentary desert cultures, then the Spanish conquistadors and missionaries, and then the Americans.

There was a Mexican period, a period of fire and blood as Apaches and Comanches moved into the area, the first contact with Americans, and the Americanization of the region. Civil War episodes were long on passion and rhetoric but short on fighting. Shots roared during the renegade and desperado era. The Mexican Revolution influenced Tucson, as did mining, cotton growing and health-seeking.

Tucson's political strife included rings and anti-rings. It suffered through various reform movements as the shady ladies were invited in, invited out, invited in and invited out. The federal government, especially the military, played a significant role in the city's economy, although nowadays most attention is on tourism. (It brings dollars and doesn't pollute.)

Low wages, lack of industry and a rising tide of illegal aliens are creating dilemmas. Crime is increasing, but some of the nation's best educational institutions and football teams are nearby.

Overall, Tucson is a thriving but troubled sunbelt metropolis. The specter of an impending water shortage hangs over everything. Everybody sees it coming but no solutions have been implemented.

Sonnichsen, a perceptive writer who finds humor in his facts, is the author of twenty-odd books focusing on the Southwest. These include histories, biographies and literary criticisms. Elmer Kelton, the famous fictioneer, once described Sonnichsen as writing with his tongue pushed halfway through his cheek. *Tucson* is Sonnichsen at his best.

This slightly oversized volume is a triumph of bookmaking. Numerous pictures are scattered throughout, the paper is of good quality, the print is easy to read, and the cover of a substantial cloth. The University of Oklahoma Press, once a leader in quality publications, appears to be exerting its strength again.

— Leon Metz
El Paso, Texas

American Seizure of California

CALIFORNIA CONQUERED, WAR AND PEACE ON THE PACIFIC 1846-1850. *By Neal Harlow. University of*

Tucson, Arizona, street scene in the late 1800s.

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California Press, 2223 Fulton St., Berkeley, CA 94720. 499 pages. $24.95 hardbound.

Neal Harlow took his time with this book and the maturing of his research (begun in the late 1930s) shows.

The result is an excellent account of the American seizure of California during the Mexican War, one which blends first-rate scholarship into a clear narrative. The author carries the story from the capitulation at Cahuenga Pass to the year of statehood (1850), as his subtitle indicates: "War and Peace on the Pacific." Harlow leaves no loose ends.

The author shows that the California skirmishing was an offshoot of Zachary Taylor's great war in northern Mexico. Casualty figures in California were low but it was not an isolated comic opera affair, as some careless writers have treated it.

The stakes were high: San Francisco Bay was first prize in the Manifest Destiny contest. And combat was not all a bloodless farce. Just as Taylor's men had to learn the hard way at Monterrey and Buena Vista to appreciate the fighting ability of the Mexican Army, so, too, did General Stephen Kearny.

When Don Andres Pico's amateur cavalry briefly got its act together, they employed their antiquated weapon, the lance, well. At San Pasqual they scared Kit Carson, wounded Kearny in the rump and inflicted a beating on his crack dragoons.

The problem of the *Californios* was not cowardice but ambivalence. A neglected and almost-runaway province of Mexico, Alta California in 1846 found it difficult to rally around the national standard and resist the invading *Yanquis*.

This book restores the California campaign to its proper status as a legitimate, if dislocated, operation of the grand invasion of Mexico in 1846. Of course, the real importance of the conquest was only understood when the gold rush transformed the once-sleepy Pacific Coast into a thriving empire.

— Richard H. Dillon
Mill Valley, California

The Business of Ranching

THE MATADOR LAND AND CATTLE COMPANY. *By W.M. Pearce. University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Ave., Norman, OK 73019. 244 pages. $19.95 hardcover.*

Most books on a great western cattle ranch focus on colorful owners, foremen and cowboys. They describe prize bulls and rank old broncs, recount trail drives, blizzards, wolf hunts, cattletown sprees, prairie fires and Indian attacks. Breeding procedures are explained, as well as range and water improvements. The reader gains a feel of the land, a vicarious sensation of riding and roping, the smell of stirrup-high grass and the creak of saddle leather.

By contrast, W.M. Pearce's *The Matador Land and Cattle Company* concentrates on the business side of that vast Scottish-owned ranch. Pearce, working primarily from the company's voluminous records presents an exhaustive account of the West's most successful foreign-owned cattle enterprise.

During the early 1880s, numerous British syndicates established ranches in the West to capitalize on the incredible profits which were possible from such ventures. By 1883, Scottish investors had acquired an extensive range in northwest Texas and had begun to brand cattle with the Matador "V."

Matador cattle were bred on the original home range in northwest Texas, then yearling steers were transferred to vast pasturages in the Panhandle. Two-year-olds were trailed or shipped to "finishing" ranges in Montana, South Dakota or Canada, where rich northern grasses rapidly added weight to steers. For decades Matador cattle grazed on more than a million and a half acres of grassland.

In the 1920s, when Americans acquired a tast for "baby beef," the northern ranges were abandoned, but enormous herds were maintained in Texas until the company finally sold to New York financiers in 1951.

The Matador enjoyed greater longevity than any other syndicatedland and cattle company. Most such enterprises went bankrupt or sold their holdings to sodbusters or small ranchers by the late 1800s or early 1900s.

The key figure in Matador history was Murdo Mackenzie, a company employee who was elevated to manager in 1890 and who expertly guided the Matador until his retirement in 1936 at the age of 87. In 1911, he was lured to a vast Brazilian ranching venture by the incredible annual salary of $50,000, but within a few years he returned to the United States and the Matador. After he retired his son managed the Matador until operations ceased.

The University of Oklahoma Press published Dr. Pearce's book in 1964. This second printing makes a significant volume available to a new generation of readers.

— Bill O'Neal
Carthage, Texas

Mystery Surrounding Crazy Horse

TO KILL AN EAGLE: INDIAN VIEWS ON THE LAST DAYS OF CRAZY HORSE. *By Edward and Mabell Kadlecek. Johnson Publishing Company, 1880 South 57th Court, Boulder, CO 80301. 70 pages. $7.95.*

The whole story will never be known of the circumstances surrounding the death of Crazy Horse, perhaps the most admired Indian in Sioux history.

Probably the best part of this book is the Kadleceks' narrative. They are well acquainted with the area of Beaver Creek where Crazy Horse and his followers camped. It is believed to have been Crazy Horse's favorite spot in a land he loved.

The Kadleceks own land and know its geography well. They have supplied spectacular photographs and their arguments and beliefs in the many legends do not violate the traditions and beliefs of their Sioux friends.

The book is weakest in their friends' narratives. This statement should not cast doubt on the veracity of these narratives, however. They are commendable for what was remembered. The problem is that these are legends "once removed." Much must be disallowed while much is accepted. But which? One has to turn to other sources which come closer to telling the whole story.

Since there is no bibliography, the reader must rely on the footnotes. Most sources are fine with the possible exception of E.A. Brininstool who repeats errors and the prejudices he has exhibited in all his writings.

There are many gaps in the story as told by interviews contained in this book, the most spectacular being the story of how Crazy Horse armed himself with a knife, or knives, before his death. He was supposedly unarmed at his arrival at Fort Robinson.

Where is the mention of Touch-the-Clouds? He was the central figure in Crazy Horse's dying moments; he tenderly cared for him.

Little Big Man is mentioned repeatedly, but he is not castigated for the villain he was.

Most dramatically, the authors failed

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to mention much about the young soldier who stabbed Crazy Horse, except to misspell his name. It is not William Gentiles, but William Gentles. The name is spelled correctly in at least two of three citations by the authors.

The authors should have wrapped up this great drama by relating more on this private of the 14th Infantry who had to be hidden until he could be spirited safely away. He did not survive Crazy Horse long, dying of asthma on May 20, 1878.

— John M. Carroll
Bryan, Texas

True Picture of Cowboys

COWBOYS ON THE GREEN RIVER, CIRCA 1918. *By Doris Platts. Sunshine Ranch and Friends, Box 362, Wilson, WY 83014. 37 pages. $8.50 soft cover.*

This large picture book is not the slick, colored, modern cocktail-table variety, but the type that shows what a northwestern cowboy looked like on the open range.

Although only 37 pages, most contain photographs by Carl Rungius. Rungius was a famous painter of big game animals and he had the only camera in that part of the country.

Roy Lozier, a lifetime cowboy (1900-1981), realized these were special pictures. Doris Platts took these pictures, added some commentary by Lozier, and came up with a book worth studying.

If you want to see woolly chaps, goose-neck spurs, round-iron stirrups, single-rig saddles and men to use them, it is here. There isn't a breast collar, hand-tooled belt, or flashing sixgun to be seen.

This is a local history to be enjoyed by anyone who likes western Americana.

— J.R. Curtis
Clinton, South Carolina

Minnesota Killings

MURDER IN MINNESOTA. *By Walter N. Trenerry. Minnesota Historical Society, St. Paul, MN 1962 and re-issued 1982. 252 pages. $6.95 hardcover.*

Lest any reader presume Minnesota is not "western enough" consider the following characteristics of the territory in 1858, just prior to its being admitted to the Union: The final battles of the Indian War were still several years in the future, the most dependable method of transportation was navigation on the rivers and much of the territory was inhabited only by Native Americans.

Aspects of the wilder west appear in the cases of murder which author Trenerry examines in this volume: The Wright County War involved the military occupation of the county as well as lynching prisoners who were taken from jail. There were no range wars fought over acres of free grass but the motives for murder in Minnesota were the same as those anywhere else in the frontier West.

This well-researched book covers selected sensational murders and murder trials from 1858 to 1917. The date of 1917 was chosen because after that year too many of those involved might still be living.

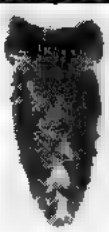
Of the cases discussed, perhaps the Northfield raid will appeal the most to TRUE WEST readers. Trenerry concentrates not just on the murders involved — the innocent bystander, the bank teller — but through exhaustive use of contemporary newspapers and legal documents he presents perhaps the most accurate and concise description of the abortive raid to date.

The advantage Trenerry had in studying contemporary documents is that he is a successful lawyer and is thus at home with legal records. He has been city attorney of West St. Paul as well as president of the Minnesota Historical Society.

The book is a bargain at $6.95. The twenty pages devoted to the Northfield raid alone is worth the price, so consider the rest a gift.

— Chuck Parsons
Silver Lake, Minnesota

FLINT ARROWHEADS



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Here are a few of the stories appearing in our anniversary issue:

Mary E. Stoner tells how at age 54 four years ago, she was shocked to learn that her father had been an Old West train robber and that there are 4 other major western outlaws whose wanted signs are nailed to her family tree.

Two stories about Charles M. Russell, the famous cowboy artist from Montana. One discloses his genius and accomplishments. The other, called "The Dark Side of Charley Russell," tells of his drinking — even after he was supposed to be on the wagon – and other personal problems.

The inside story of Wyatt Earp's second wife, Mattie, and why Wyatt's third bride, Josephine Marcus, tried to obliterate any trace of Mattie. Written by Glenn G. Boyer, author of "I Married Wyatt Earp."

Pearl Baker, author of "Wild Bunch at Robbers Roost" and other books, tells of her childhood days in Utah's fabled Robber's Roost. Well-written and humorous.

Leon Metz tells how he came to trail Sheriff Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid plus how he wrote his now-classic best-selling book.

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Paxson's painting of the Nez Perce and Flathead Indians going to St. Louis in search of the white man's book. This can be seen in Montana's capitol.

Edgar S. Paxson — western artist

By W. STOCKTON TWOGOOD

Photos Courtesy of
Montana Historical Society

EDGAR Samuel Paxson may be described as the Rodney Dangerfield of western art. His many fiercely loyal champions feel he should have more respect.

To understand Paxson as an artist, one must understand him as a man. Small, wiry, rugged, sensitive, honest, romantic are terms which best describe this artist of the West.

A contemporary and friend of Charles M. Russell, a Montanan by choice, a painter of exceptional talent, Paxson as an artist remains in relative obscurity today. Valiantly championed by his grandson, William Paxson, and collected by a few western art connoisseurs, the vast majority of Paxson's work is virtually unknown to the general public.

Unlike the works of Russell, which were discovered by a calendar company helping to sustain his fame long after his death, Paxson's works reached the zenith of exposure during a short period of his lifetime only to be almost forgotten after his death.

Still, Paxson ranks with Russell and Seltzer as Montana's "big three" turn-of-the-century artists.

Paxson was born on the outskirts of Buffalo, New York, on April 25, 1852. He was raised in James Fenimore Cooper country and found immense romance in the abundant wildlife and mystic natural surroundings. He attended a Quaker boarding school and early young Paxson showed a talent for fine, detailed brushwork. His father was a sign and carriage painter who taught Edgar his trade. Edgar became an expert in lettering and sign painting.

Even though he exhibited a remarkable aptitude for art, there is no indication he had any formal training in fine art.

Edgar S. Paxson

Although well-established and married, with a young son, Paxson's thoughts were focused on the West. In his day, it was a West still alive with Indians, cowboys and buffalo herds. The lure was finally too great and in the summer of 1877, when he was 25, Paxson arrived in Ryan's Canyon in southwestern Montana Territory.

He was smaller than the usual cowboy, but because of his willingness, intelligence and all-around skills with a horse and gun, he soon made a place for himself. He was a good hunter and besides bringing home the camp meat, he was paid to rid the country of timber wolves, bears and mountain lions which were descimating cattle herds.

PAXSON rode between ranches with mail, provisions and messages and he rode shotgun for large payrolls and other valuable freight. During this period he would often sketch the day's events or his fellow cowboys in the bunkhouse. This unique talent of drawing probably saved his life while he lived in Ryan's Canyon.

While riding between ranches with the mail, he was captured by 30 hostile Indians of a band he couldn't identify. Revenge against intruding whites had reached a fanatical pitch and any white man found alone often was fair game. As the braves were deciding his fate, the captured cowboy began to sketch. Out of curiosity, the braves looked at the images produced by a "stick" on paper. When they saw likenesses of themselves, they knew they had come across some powerful magic whose source was not to be fooled with. After a quick consultation, the Indians released the artist and beat a hasty retreat.

Paxson, despite Indian hostilities, greatly respected the native westerners and felt a compassion for them and the sad demise of their culture. He was able to converse fluently in sign language and in certain dialects. The Indians returned his friendship by naming him "Cot-lo-see" (the man who sees everything). After Paxson established trust with the Indians, they allowed portraits of themselves to be painted. This was not usually permitted because of the Indian belief in the loss of spirit when their faces were reproduced. The faces of noted chiefs Sitting Bull, Gall, Two Moon, Rain-in-the-Face, Crazy Horse, Tendoy and Charlot have been preserved by this observant artist.

But it was a long time before Paxson became a full-time artist. His proficient talent as a guide, scout and interpreter kept him on the trail with only the occasional job as sign painter. His integrity was widely recognized and he was often hired to perform duties which required delicate handling by a steady, honest individual.

In 1877, Paxson was hired by the proprietors of the Overland Stage Com-

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pany. He successfully carried out several difficult assignments not the least of which was driving 240 horses through hostile Indian country without a single loss.

Riding shotgun for freight stages through rough Montana weather gave him memories he later was able to reproduce in paintings. There was a constant fear of bandits and Indians along with time-consuming breakdowns which left stages so vulnerable to attack. These were real experiences and impressions which Paxson stored as references for later paintings.

He got to know the people of the West whether they were Indian warriors, women, children and old people, sourdoughs, scouts or the many other characters that populated the West at the time. He also became familiar with western landscapes, the action of animals and the gestures and movement of people. These were impressions that could be painted authentically only by someone who had experienced them.

ONE of Paxson's early sketches which later became a signature piece for him, was "Indians are Coming." It was taken from an incident when a stage line

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Paxson's 1912 painting of Lewis and Clark (left) shows the two explorers on the north bluff near Black Eagle Falls. This is in the Montana House of Representatives lobby. Below is another painting in the state capitol in Helena titled "The Border Land."

superintendent and his brother were checking a potential route in southeastern Montana. Suddenly, they saw a cloud of dust coming toward them and the superintendent climbed a telegraph pole to see what caused the dust. When he yelled "Indians are coming," the brother became hysterical, jumped in the wagon and bolted, leaving his sibling up a pole. The source of the dust, Edgar Paxson and some repairmen, came riding up and soon understood the strange circumstances. The humor of the situation was not missed by the artist.

But art was still only a hobby to a man who joined the First Regiment of the Montana National Guard and who rose through the ranks from a private to second lieutenant in his first year.

He became friends with such historical military figures as Edward Godfrey and Marcus Reno. He also was a scout during the active campaigns of the Nez Perce war and it was as a scout that he adopted the fringed buckskin jacket as his apparel. Other famous Montana luminaries like Granville Stuart considered Paxson a friend and maintained a correspondence throughout their lifetimes.

It was not until 1879 that Paxson felt it was safe or that he was ready to bring his family to Montana. His wife and son arrived in Deer Lodge, Montana, where he rented a house.

A portion of the house was set aside as a studio, a good indication that Paxson would seriously pursue his art. He continued to supplement his rather meager income with signs and house painting but it appears that the life of a frontiersman was exchanged for that of family man and artist.

This is Paxson's painting of the "Chevalier de la Verendrye," in the Montana House of Representatives lobby, capitol building in Helena.

HIS real break came in 1881, when he was commissioned to do a large panoramic mural in Butte. It was then the family decided to move to the copper mining town where they lived for the next 24 years. Interestingly, the commissioned piece was never paid for and its whereabouts is unknown today. But the move exposed his work to people who had money to buy and established Paxson as a painter.

Although he was not always able to support his growing family on his art entirely, he was constantly developing his skills and proficiency. Whether it was a major painting of Chief Charlot and his people leaving their beloved Bitterroot Valley for the last time or a delicate pencil study of a lady, each work reflects sensitivity for the subject. And whether some works seem more resolved than others and vary in degrees of quality, there remains the touch of a master with a keen eye for reality.

For health reasons, probably because of Butte's polluted air from the smelters, Paxson moved his family to their final home in Missoula in 1906. It was from this studio that the historically representative murals were executed for the senate chamber of the Montana legislative building in 1911.

Also, by 1912, he had been commissioned to paint the famous murals in the Missoula County Courthouse. He created the murals from preliminary drawings on canvas in his studio.

Paxson usually did not draw sensational scenes although his most famous painting is "Custer's Last Stand" which can be seen at the Whitney Gallery of Western Art, Cody, Wyoming. There is blood and gore in this intricately detailed work, but the important ele-

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ment is the painstaking documentation.

After leaving New York State in 1875, and, after stints as a lumberjack in Michigan and Wisconsin and as hunting guide in Minnesota, he arrived in Wyoming Territory in 1876, the year of the Custer battle. He painted the portraits shortly after the conflict of the six chiefs who survived: Gall, Two Moon, Crazy Horse, Crow King, Hump and White Bull. Two Moon and other Indians took him to the battlefield and reported what they remembered.

THE mammoth Custer painting is more than ten feet long and six feet tall, weighing 1,000 pounds. It took 20 years to research and eight years to complete the work. The painting was so authentic that relatives were able to recognize participants in the picture. It also must have evoked some strong emotion. An arrow was shot through the canvas while it stood in the artist's studio.

The fame of this monumental work unfortunately has overshadowed the bulk of the artist's other works (numbering 2,500 to 3,000 works). He made significant contributions to the genre of western art through his factual records. But the paintings retain a specific style and technique that is uniquely Paxson's. Often the heads of his animals, particularly horses, seem slightly out of proportion. Even the heads of Indians seem larger than their bodies. Yet this peculiarity is not an indication of a naive or primitive approach but rather is a signature of style.

The artist's expression of space and distance is considerable as is his translation of forest, mountain and windfall-tangled trails. His people are believable and are painted in their indigenous surroundings, giving them a grace and vitality that is often lacking in today's interpretations of yesterday. Edgar Paxson was a realist who preferred portraying the Indian no more and no less than what he actually was.

It is said his last years were spent in bitterness and frustration from lack of recognition. But it also must have been sad for such a vigorous man to have outlived his friends and compatriots and even the very lifestyle he loved so much.

Charley Russell, at Paxson's death, gave this tribute to a great artist and a great man:

"A few days ago Ed Paxson crossed the big range. For several years the trail on this side was rough for him, so the Angel of Death, who is a friend to those who suffer, took his hand and led him to a smooth, well-worn trail that has been traveled since time began. He will not be lonesome, or a stranger, for many of his friends have gone before.

"Paxson has gone, but his picture will not allow us to forget him. His work tells me that he loved the Old West, and those who love her I count as friends. Paxson was my friend, and today the West that he knew is history that lives in books. His brush told stories that people like to read.

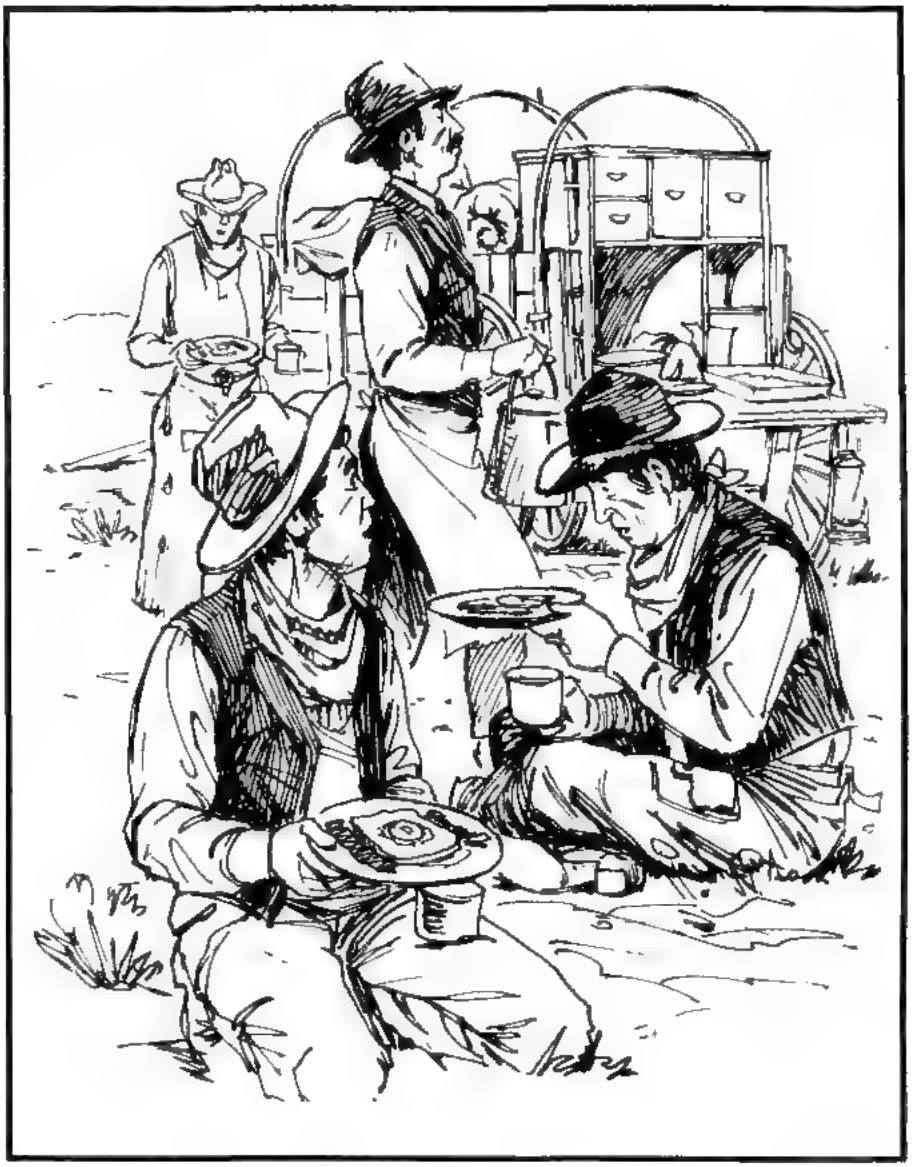
"I am a painter, too, but Paxson has done some things that I cannot do. He was a pioneer and pioneer painter. He was also a soldier who fought under the colors of our country.

"Paxson loved Montana. May the land where he has gone be even more beautiful than the mountains that he loved."

Paxson's view of the surrender of Chief Joseph in 1877. Joseph obviously is saying "From where the sun now stands ...."

CHUCK WAGON COOKING

By BARBARA BLACKBURN



A two- to four-wheeled vehicle drawn by oxen, mules, or horses with its contents stowed and covered under hides or tarpaulins is a chuck wagon. Chuck means grub, and in the Old West it is a synonym for food.

For camps on the move the large compartmented box in the rear of the wagon swung down like a tailgate to form a working service for the cook. In 1866, Texas cattleman Charles Goodnight gave the chuck wagon its meaning. Today the chuck wagon is a relic of the past and is used only on a sentimental journey.

The mystique of the chuck wagon lingers on, however, conjuring thoughts of steaks frying over coals, zesty stews, spicy beans, biscuit-like breads and more.

The cook or "cookie" reigned over the chuck wagon. The term "cookie" or "coosie" came from the Spanish word *cocinero*. Cookie was often an aging cowboy or someone who had washed out at other jobs. But he was paid more than the other hands.

A proper chuck wagon had several kettles and skillets, and, of course, Dutch ovens. Also important was a huge coffeepot which hung over the fire on an iron rod. Staples included makings for biscuits, beans, and beef. Biscuits were served three times a day. There were two types, the sourdough or the baking powder variety. A recipe for how to make and bake biscuits follows.

Cowboys who wrote later said a common misconception is that the fare was often poor. They said cowboys wouldn't work long for a stingy outfit.

Beans or frijoles required thorough preparation. The cook washed them, removing the dust, and soaked them overnight. Salt pork was added, and beans were cooked over a slow, open fire or buried in a covered container in a hole full of coals. This took many hours of cooking, especially at a high altitude. The finished product was supposed to be soft, not mushy. Molasses, chilies, and tomatoes were added if available.

Beef was tenderized by pounding with a mall. It was then dredged with flour, salted, and fried in a Dutch oven, perhaps in some melted tallow. Long-simmered short ribs were a delicacy. The biggest treat was a stew that took four to five hours and included a variety of meats — liver, heart, tongue, brain, sweetbreads, and marrow gut. The pieces (for this S.O.B. stew) were prepared individually and then combined. First the heart was sauteed in suet. The tongue was skinned and diced. The brains were separated and floured — they served as the thickening. Some tenderloin was even included in this delicacy. All was combined and seasoned, then simmered in water.

Near the Mexican border the food was hot because of the use of chili powder. But more than just chilies went into this seasoning. Also included were herbs such as cumin, coriander and oregano.

Pies were a rare treat, mostly made of dried fruit, such as peaches, apricots,

and apples. The pie crust was usually fashioned of biscuit dough, and the pie was cooked in a Dutch oven.

Puddings were popular, but they were more like the English-style plum pudding. A popular one was made from day-old bread, canned tomatoes and sugar. Son-of-a-Gun in a Sack (which also bore another name) was another winner with the cowhands.

Speaking of canned tomatoes, they were prized by the men, who liked to carry them on the range to slake their thirst. Fancier wagons carried canned goods. The water barrels often contained "wildlife," and the water was stale or alkaline.

The chuck wagon often fed from ten to twenty men. The cook began his work early, before sunup. Breakfast usually included biscuits, beans and coffee. Sometimes the cowboys ate in their saddles after having slept on the ground.

The midday meal was often hasty and included more biscuits, beans and coffee, and fried steaks or stew. Supper was the big meal and included more of the same and sometimes a special treat, pie or pudding. The early-rising cook was late to retire after cleaning up from supper.

Today long cattle drives are things of the past. Hot food can be sent out from a central cookhouse or cooked on a truck equipped with a refrigerator and propane stove. However, the romance of the chuck wagon still lives in the West.

SOURDOUGH BISCUITS
(12 to 16 biscuits)

2 cups starter
½ cup milk
1 T sugar or honey
½ t salt
1 t baking soda
2 T melted fat

(For dinner buscuits, "set" your starter at breakfast; for breakfast biscuits set your starter the evening before. Do this by adding 2 cups each flour and warm water to the starter in crock. Stir well and ferment all day or all night.)

Mix about 2 cups starter with ½ cup milk, 1 T sugar, 1 t baking soda, and 2 T melted fat. If starter is thin, omit milk. Blend well, then work in enough flour to make a soft dough, between 2½ and 4 cups. Knead lightly. Pinch off dough balls and roll into biscuits. Place close together in a well-greased pan and turn over so greased sides are on top. Let rise in a warm place for about 45 minutes, then bake in a 375 degree oven for 30 minutes, or until biscuits are done.

OR IN A DUTCH OVEN

Dig and fire the Dutch oven hole. Generously grease the Dutch oven and let it warm. Use the above recipe or prepared mix. Put biscuits in Dutch oven, sides just touching. Replace lid. Make a hole in the hot coals and shovel about an inch of dirt over the coals. Put Dutch oven into hole. Put hot coals on the lid. In 15 minutes the biscuits should be cooked.

THIRD METHOD

Wrap the dough around a stick in a spiral shape. Cook over camp fire.

CHUCK WAGON STEW WITH DUMPLINGS

2 lbs. stew meat, cut into 1- to 2-inch chunks
4 T flour or cornmeal
¼ t pepper
1 can tomatoes, 2-cup-size or equivalent fresh
2 onions
3 potatoes, bite-sized pieces
2 stalks celery, with leaves, thickly sliced
2 carrots sliced
2 cups cooked beans (your choice)
1 T chili powder, optional

Dredge meat in flour and brown in hot fat in a heavy skillet or Dutch oven. Season with above and whatever other herbs you want. Add tomatoes, onions, potatoes, celery and carrots. Simmer slowly for 1½ hours. Add beans, then dumplings. Cook covered without lifting the lid for 15 minutes.

DUMPLINGS

Sift 1½ cups flour and mix with ½ cup cornmeal, 4 teaspoon baking powder, and a pinch of salt. Add 1 cup milk gradually, stirring. You can also add a teaspoon of chili powder or chilies. Drop by spoonfuls on top of stew. Cover tightly and steam 12 to 15 minutes.

Real to Reel Cowboys

(Continued from page 21)

based loosely on the Wolfville stories of Alfred Henry Lewis. Encouraged by the success of this film, Jennings set up his own production unit, the Capitol Film Co.

The first film Jennings released through his own company was "Lady of the Dugout," completed in 1918. When the film premiered in Los Angeles, Jennings told reporters that the film was based on actual incidents from his career as a bandit and train robber. Those who came to see it, he claimed, would find something new because his portrayal was "the real stuff."

By the time his Hollywood career began, Al Jennings was already 46. He was short and thin and looked almost anemic. Before the camera, his movements appeared stiff and jerky. Yet his films, most of which had a running time of only twenty minutes, proved popular with the kids.

Each of his films tended to preach the rewards of righteousness. A good example of a typical Jennings film is "The Tryout," released in 1920. Here he used the old formula of the good-badman, already developed by Bronco Billy Anderson and perfected by William S. Hart.

As the story opens, Jennings befriends a poor woman whose husband is a shiftless drunk. As Jennings and his men ride off, the young son of the couple rides after him and pleads to join the gang. Jennings soon teaches the boy that his place is not riding the outlaw trail but rather back home helping his mother.

But times turned hard for Al Jennings. By 1921, the market became saturated with short westerns and Capitol Film Co. folded. For a while Jennings played small roles for other companies but he eventually faded from the scene. He returned briefly in 1936 as a technical advisor for James Cagney in "The Oklahoma Kid."

Jennings lived the rest of his life near Los Angeles, where he often entertained visitors with tales of the Old West. He died there on Dec. 26, 1962, at the age of 98.

Even though ex-outlaws were lured into the motion picture business, and even though in two cases they returned to the outlaw trail once their movie careers ended, their films invariably preached the straight and narrow.

They followed the simple formula of good triumphing over bad, a formula that would be reflected in countless western films and books for years to come. It was a formula that permanently shaped our perspective of the Old West.

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Wild Old Days

He Shot Himself Over Dinner

By DICK HAZEN
as told to
JOYCE LITZ

The Hazen family. Left to right: Frank, Dick (standing in back), sister Barbara, and mother Lillian.

BUCK Jewell was a good horse thief. Once he started from Wyoming with twenty head of horses he'd paid for and ended up on his ranch with 160 head.

He was one of the toughest men in Montana and was known as a cattle rustler, horse thief, bootlegger and gunman. He never hired a man who hadn't been in the pen for horse stealing or cattle rustling. He had a wife for a while but she died.

One time Buck stole a saddle horse from a horse buyer. The dealer figured Buck was the thief so he got the sheriff and went to the Jewell ranch. Buck saw them coming and saddled up the horse he had stolen and rode out to meet them. The sheriff told Buck the dealer accused him of stealing a horse.

"Okay, let's go out and look," the thief said. "If you find it, I'll admit it."

Neither the sheriff nor the horse buyer ever thought to look at Buck's mount. Obviously they went through the herd and did not find the stolen horse.

And Jewell was kind of crazy. One day he put one of his two sons on a horse and told him to ride it. The horse bucked and the child jumped off.

Buck said, "What'd you do that for?"

"I didn't want the horse to kill me," the boy said.

Then Buck said, "If that's the way you feel about it I'll show you how it feels to be killed."

He grabbed the boy by his feet and banged his head against the side of the barn until the child was unconscious.

During prohibition, Buck ran bonded whiskey in from Canada and bootlegged it in Great Falls. He got caught and was sent to prison, but for one last fling before he left he went down to a whorehouse and chose the prettiest woman there.

He took her to the Manhattan Cafe in Great Falls, Montana, which was the best restaurant in town at that time. They sat in a booth and ordered the biggest steaks on the menu. Then after the meal was on the table, Buck pulled out his sixshooter and shot himself.

Old Allegheney's Gold Cache

By DONALD E. GETZ

HIDDEN near the old foundations of Penrod Bridge over the Bruneau River in north central Elko County, Nevada, are two leather pouches of placer-gold nuggets and dust. The cache represents gold taken from the body of George Washington Mardis after he was murdered by a Chinaman. The actual value of the gold was never determined.

Shortly after the Civil War ended and prior to 1870, G.W. Mardis arrived in northeastern Nevada and became a familiar figure in the Charleston area. He was an old Indian fighter and scout and always wore buckskins and moccasins typical of that group of men who served in the armed forces of the United States of America. As proof of his service, his face was blackened and heavily scarred on one side, the results of hand-to-hand combat with some Apache Indians.

During the Civil War, he enlisted in the Union Army as a guide and scout.

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He was sent to report to Major W.H. Emory, commander of the Sixth Dragoons, a cavalry unit at Fort Grant, Arizona Territory. Emory made him Chief of Scouts with instructions to report to Captain A.W. Whipple at Tubac Presidio, near the Mexican border town of Nogales.

Their duty was to protect wagon trains carrying silver ore from the Apache Mountain Range silver mines that shipped valuable ores to be refined in St. Louis, Missouri. Captain Whipples' route was from Tubac to Fort Cummings in New Mexico Territory and to return. Mardis scouted for Whipple and on many occasions, had to fight attacking Apaches. Mardis served both men well and earned great distinction as a scout.

When the conflict ended, Mardis followed the elephant and heard the owl hoot. He tried his hand at prospecting for gold in Arizona Territory and wound up in Cripple Creek, Colorado. He stayed long enough to get a stake for himself and continued westward. He eventually arrived in the Charleston area sometime prior to 1870 where he set up a temporary camp.

Since he was of the "mountain man" breed, he preferred the loneliness and solitude of the hills and told many people that he was "askeered of nothing." Mardis would prospect in some of the most inaccessible canyons of the surrounding mountains and would be gone for months at a time.

Late in the the spring of 1870, Mardis came back to civilization with the news that he had struck it rich. He invited those who doubted his story to come to his digs with him.

Sure enough, he had struck it rich. Deep down in one of the canyons of the Bruneau River he found placer gold. Not the two-to-five dollars a pan stuff, but more like twenty dollars-a-pan gold. A rush ensued and the mining camp of Allegheney was born. Mardis thus earned the sobriquet of "Old Allegheney."

Mardis prospered and before long, exchanged his garb for store-bought clothes. A year or so later, he married and bought a ranch near his beloved Bruneau. Having an eye for fine horses, he soon had enough breeding stock to start his own horse ranch and although being considered a stockman, he still mined his gold.

"After all," he would tell his friends, "a man needs ta git the gold, an' sell or trade fer fine hosses."

Mardis was accumulating a fortune. Since the nearest repository was the Henderson Bank in Elko, Nevada, some ninety miles south, Mardis made plans for a trip.

Mardis left his home on or about August 12, 1877, bound for Elko with two heavy, leather pouches full of small gold nuggets and fine dust. He was waylaid near Penrod Bridge and shot by a Chinese who then robbed the body.

The murderer was tracked by some buckaroos working in the area who had heard the lone shot. They arrived at the scene in time to see the Chinese remove the pouches from Mardis' body. They chased the man through the dry sagebrush. The law of Judge Lynch prevailed and they hanged the Chinese on the spot. The two pouches, according to remaining old-timers, are buried or are near the now-rotting timbers of the bridge foundation.

When the body of the Chinaman was cut down, his clothing was searched as well as his slippers. A few small nuggets were found in the lining of his smock. From that evidence, the buckaroos felt that they were justified in hanging the Chinese.

Mrs. Mardis was notified of her husband's murder and of the loss of the gold. She eventually sold all of their holdings and moved to San Francisco's Barbary Coast and opened a beanery. The San Francisco earthquake of April 16, 1906, wiped her holdings out and she died in obscurity a year later.

As for "Old Allegheney's gold cache," it still reposes where the Chinaman buried it over one hundred years ago.

The Peter Lebeck Tree

By GORDON H. TAGGART

IT was cold the morning Peter Lebeck left his cabin in quest of small game. He was hungry. He followed the trail that rambled between the hills and finally turned left through brush and then into a small, grassy valley. A few large oaks made a haven of beauty in the area — tranquil and secluded. But beauty held the unexpected. Peter Lebeck was walking to his death.

A rabbit bounded from a brush thicket in front of him and he fired. The sound of the gun rumbled throughout the corridor of the hills. The echoes were still audible when a female bear followed by two cubs crashed out of a weed patch and down the slope toward Lebeck busily engaged in re-loading.

He heard the noise and looked up. Too late he made a futile attempt to reach the low branch of an oak tree. The angry bear was upon him. One clawed paw raked flesh from his neck bones; the other, in a quick blow to the side of the head, crushed his skull.

It was late evening when other hunters found the remains of Lebeck. They buried him under the oak and slashed a slab from the side of the tree and carved: "Peter Lebeck killed by a bear October 17, 1837."

Here in 1722 came Don Pedro Fagus, the first white man in the region. Then came Padre Francisco Garces on his exploration of the Yuma and Mojave Desert. Early in 1826 came Jedediah Smith and the first of the fur trappers. In 1849 gold was discovered in California and the trail through the mountain passes used by stagecoaches passed almost beneath the branches of the ancient oak.

Lawlessness, banditry of all kinds and hold-ups of the stages by Joaquin Murieta, the famous cut-throat, and others like him were common. All these things coupled with Indian uprisings caused the U.S. government to erect a fort at this location in 1854. The oak tree gave forth a generous amount of shade from the summer sun to the men stationed there.

The ruins of Fort Tejon are there today but the romance lies in the old oak tree, which for so many years has watched the progress of man.

The Peter Lebeck oak tree is on the grounds of the old Fort Tejon between the towns of Lebeck and Grapevine, California. It remains a mute witness to a period of American history and the lore of the Old West that makes the blood tingle in anticipation of the stories it could tell.

His Cinch is Gettin' Frayed

Said of someone who has worn out his welcome. An unwanted person might be described as being "welcome as a polecat at a picnic," "welcome as a rattler in a dog town," or "pop'lar as a tax collector." Of such a person it is said that "folks go 'round 'im like he was a swamp."

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Trails Grown Dim

Grandmother Married at 14

Baker-Dillard-Ward

Alexander Baker married Mary Ann Dillard (Dilliard), her adopted name, on September 3, 1854, in Uvalde County, Texas. She was fourteen years old at the time and was a minor.

Alexander was older than Mary Ann, as he is shown as active in the land office business as early as 1840. There is no record of him after this marriage. When did he die? How long was he Mary Ann's husband, or did they separate? Did they have children? If so, did they live to maturity?

Mary Ann was born Mary Ann Ward, and is listed in the Mt. Vernon census in 1863 as being twenty-three years old and single. Are there any descendants of Alexander Baker living who can shed any light on this for me? Mary Ann married again in 1874. She was my grandmother. — **Lorene Murrell, 500 N. Houston St., Russelville, AR 72801.**

Henderson-Caswell-McGee Daniels-Morrison-Guyer

I would like to hear from anyone who knew of or was related to George Jefferson Henderson who was born in 1835 or 1839 and died in 1910 in Texas.

Who did he marry? His children were: George Jefferson, Jr. (married a cousin to a Dr. Moore); Lara Ann (married Carles Caswell, a railroad man whose last address was Waco, Texas); Harriett Elizabeth; Mary Ellin (married George McGee, a Choctaw Indian); John Kelley (married Mary Birtha Mae Daniels).

All lived in Fannin and Collin counties, Texas. Josephine's father was Bob Morrison (or Morrisey or Morris). Her last marriage was to George Guyer. George Jefferson Henderson, Senior's father may have been George Washington Henderson. — **Rosa L. Carle, 2417 SW Avenue E, Lawton, OK 73505.**

Brown-Secrest

I would appreciate information pertaining to my great-grandfather, James Brown, who was born in Pennsylvania.

He married Luann Secrest who was born in Fleming County, Kentucky. They lived in Fleming County, then moved to Shelby County, Indiana. Luann died in Jones County, Iowa in 1866 and it is possible that James remarried and moved elsewhere.

We would like to know James' father's name and his mother's name. She was an Ingraham. Both were natives of Virginia. Some of their children were Alfred, Joseph, Sally, James R., Jackson, and Lewis Cass. — **Frederic Marion Brown, 948 Madison Street, Albany, CA 94706.**

Ricketts

I would like to get help in tracing anyone with the name of Ricketts. A long time ago I read of a person with this name connected with the Younger boys but I have never seen mention of it since.

There are others with this name in America, as I have details of some including a U.S. destroyer named Ricketts. If anyone knows of someone with this name, past or present, I will be very thankful for their help and will answer all letters. — **Albert Ricketts, Ricketts Island, Gladstone 4680, Qld., Australia.**

Stevens

I am seeking information on my uncle, Dr. Frank Stevens, his family and grandchildren. He came from Windham County, Vermont to Gainesville, Texas about 1900. He died in 1903.

He and his wife, Lara P. Stevens, had five children: Leon F., Elmer, Edgar, Ruth and Fanny. I will answer all letters and return postage. — **Verlie Graves, 826 E. Smith Road, Bellingham, WA 98225.**

Story-Slatterly-McCabe-Sanborn

My great-grandfather, Jonathan Story, was born September 18, 1815, in England. He arrived in New York City around 1854 where he married Mary Elizabeth Slatterly. She sent for her nephew, Martin McCabe, and McCabe arrived in New York in 1855. He then moved to Winchendon, Massachusetts.

Jonathan Story and his wife then moved to San Francisco where he purchased the Cliff House in 1859. He then bought stock in the You Bet Mine at Nevada City, California, where his nephew Nelson J. Sanborn was working. Any information will be appreciated and all letters answered. — **Don M. Saunders, 213 N. Bellevue, Walla Walla, WA 99362.**

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient. If possible, please type your query; if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places. Please limit letters to 150 words or less. Photos are welcome. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

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Secret Wife of Wyatt Earp

(Continued from page 17)

Mrs. Cason's revelations led Mrs. Irvine (later Mrs. Colyn) to obtain a copy of the coroner's report into Mattie's death. It was still on file at Florence, Arizona. This plus Marquis' information which he revealed in detail to Mrs. Cason, combined with Allie's account of Mattie, all added up to an iron-clad case to establish poor Mattie as Wyatt's wife.

In addition, Mrs. Irvine (Colyn) sent the two unidentified pictures that had been in Mattie's trunk, the large tintype of a man and woman and smaller one of a child, to Wyatt's niece, Mrs. William Miller, for possible identification.

Mrs. Miller promptly identified them as Wyatt's parents, Nicholas and Virginia and her own sister, Mary Virginia Edwards. (Both Mrs. Miller and Mary Virginia were daughters of Wyatt's sister Adelia Earp Edwards.) I later discovered from Mrs. Miller that Mattie had often been discussed in the Earp family circle, whether she was a mystery to the public or not.

The information available cannot, of course, answer the obvious question, "Did Wyatt have a just reason to leave Mattie?" Mr. Marquis' widow, Florence, was willing to concede, "If she had a temper like her sister I don't blame him." (Her sister was Mrs. Marquis' mother-in-law, as the reader will recall.)

In view of the inescapable fact that Wyatt had his sights on something higher than a lifetime on the frontier, he would probably have left Mattie sooner or later anyway. She was a rude country girl with all that implied in manners and speech. The woman that Wyatt left her for was not. She was a suitable companion for the life he aimed to lead. Mattie hadn't been. That was the root of her tragedy.

And why did Mattie run away from home in the first place? Maybe the reader can divine that in the dour faces of her parents in the accompanying photo. But the only reliable answer probably went to the grave with Mattie.

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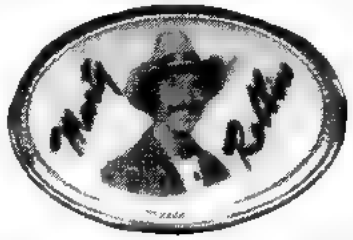

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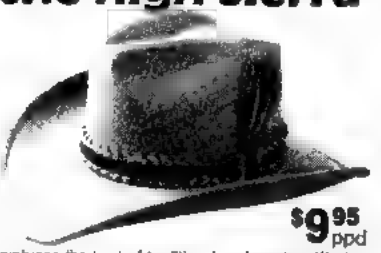

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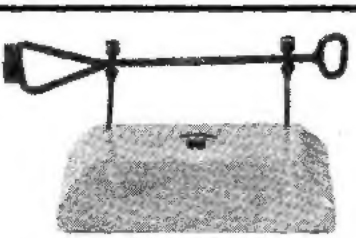

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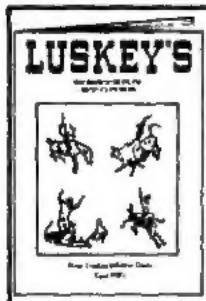

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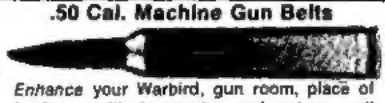

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87— Whose Meat? 13½ x 9½
88— Wagon Boss, 16 x 18½
89— When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½ x 9½
90— A Crow Duel, 7 x 9 (watercolor)
91— Innocent Allies, 13½ x 9½
92— Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½ x 6. (watercolor)
93— When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15 x 8½
94— Warning Shadows, 10½ x 7
95— When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15 x 8½
96— Wound Up, 11 x 8½ (watercolor)
97— The Scouts (Indians) 9½ x 7
98— Winter Packet, 9½ x 5 (watercolor)
99— Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11 x 8½
101— The Buffalo Hunt (1898) 13½ x 9½
102— Cowboy Sport, 13½ x 9½
103— A Desperate Stand, 13½ x 9½
104— Rider of the Bough String, 13½ x 9½
105— Prairie Express (Stagecoach), 13½ x 9½
106— The Fire Boat, 10½ x 8
107— Our Warriors Return, 13½ x 9½
108— When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½ x 9½
109— In Without Knocking, 14 x 10
110— Critical Moment (Cowboys), 8 x 6
111— Land of Good Hunting, 13½ x 9½
112— Meat's Not Meat Until It's in The Pan, 13½ x 9½
113— Trapper's Last Stand, 14 x 9½
114— When Meat Was Plentiful, 11 x 7½
115— Buffalo on the Move, 13½ x 9
116— Red Skin Raiders, 13½ x 9
117— Trail of the Iron Horse (Indians, RR tracks) 13½ x 9½
118— Breaking Camp (Indian Women), 13½ x 9½
119— Riding Line, 13½ x 9½
120— Indian Trading Post, 9½ x 13½
121— Stalking the Herd, 9½ x 13½
122— Death of a Gambler, 9½ x 13½
123— Piegan Indian, 9 x 12
124— Russell Letter to a Friend (black and white), 8½ x 11

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